God
914.5
Var/Var
94389

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018

VARIATIONS OF FORTUNE.

PORTA DI CASTELLO

page 70.

VARIATIONS OF FORTUNE

Illustrated by Sketches

OF

SOME OF THE OLD TOWNS OF ITALY

AND

THOSE WHO INFLUENCED THEM

94389

London
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.
1886.
[*All rights reserved.*]

EOD
914.5
Var/Var
94389

PREFACE.

How often has it not happened in our experience that a spot is visited full of historical, and artistic treasures and quitted hastily with the impression that it is a dull old place, while a little knowledge of its past, and of those who have walked and trod its streets, may raise around it a host of interests to store the mind with pleasant memories for after years.

If the pleasure I have found in visiting, and seeking to know something of a few of the old towns of Italy can be shared with others, and help them to greater enjoyment in their travels,

my purpose in publishing these short sketches made from notes taken at various times, is fully answered.

My acknowledgments are due to the author of "John Inglesant" whose delightful work first aroused my interest in Michel de Molinos, and led me on finding his portrait to seek more information concerning his life and teaching, from original sources in Rome and elsewhere.

E. E.

Rome. December 1886.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE.
I.	St. Nilus, and the Abbey of Grottaferrata. .	9
II.	Perugia. and her Captain Fortebraccio. . . .	33
III.	Corneto-Tarquinia.	63
IV.	Michæl de Molinos.	89
V.	Cortona and Luca Signorelli.	133

ILLUSTRATIONS

(From Sketches by the author)

	Page
Castle Gate. Corneto	*Frontispiece*
Abbey of Grottaferrata	27
Etruscan Vase. Perugia	41
Etruscan Funereal Stone	42
Fortebraccio from the Portrait at Perugia	55
Portrait of Michæl De Molinos	95
The Muse of Cortona	143

ST NILUS

AND

THE ABBEY OF GROTTAFERRATA

ST NILUS

AND

THE ABBEY OF GROTTAFERRATA.

ON the slope of the Alban Hills to the south of Rome, there stands an old battlemented Abbey called Grottaferrata. Above it rose the town and fortress of Tusculum, now only known by a few ruins, and the ancient road which appearing and disappearing among the woods and grass, traces the way which led up to this once favourite summer resort of Roman Emperors and patricians.

On a spring evening of A.D. 1004, a very old monk with a few followers arrived at this spot, and rested amid the ruins of one of the great

palatial dwellings which formerly surrounded Tusculum. This was St Nilus who though past 90, had journeyed thus far, and worn and weary sought shelter for the night. In one of the vast subterranean chambers of the ruined palace was an iron grating, before which the monks reverently placed a Greek, or Byzantine picture of the Madonna they were carrying with them, from this circumstance was derived the future name of the Abbey, Grottaferrata.

The fortunes and vicissitudes of the old man's life had been many and strange. Born in Calabria in 910, of a noble Greek family, he passed his early years in the exciting life of the times, amidst war, and struggles for conquest, but on the death of his wife to whom he was deeply attached, he resolved to enter the cloister, and devote his remaining years to the good of mankind, to prayer and study.

His tastes were not for idleness, nor for the life of a hermit or mendicant friar, he sought influence to reprove the vices of the age, to help

others who, like himself, had seen much of the evil of the world, so he turned to the Greek order of Monks of St Basil, an order founded in the 5th century, to combine study and devotion with manual labour, the care of the sick and poor, and the instruction of the young. The first monastery he joined was in his native Calabria, where his talents and energy were soon recognized, and of which he was shortly made abbot.

This monastic establishment was not long left free from the troubles and horrors of war. The convent where Nilus was happily and quietly working with his 60 monks, was attacked and plundered by the Saracen pirates, who infested the coasts of Southern Italy. Having lost his library his particular treasure, St Nilus moved first to Monte Cassino, where he was most kindly received by the Benedictines, and finally settled down at Serperi near Gaeta, where he founded another monastery which likewise soon became famous.

Rome was at this time in a most troubled state. Crescentius had revolted against the Emperor Otho III, and had taken, and fortified himself in the Castle of St Angelo, setting up an Antipope John XVII, and driving from Rome the duly elected Gregory V. His struggle was to free Rome from German supremacy, and with the aid of the people, to set up a republic. The Antipope was an early friend and compatriot of St Nilus, who wrote to him urging him to resign his usurpation. The wish to do what he could to further this, and also a great desire to seek out, and buy old manuscripts, led Nilus to Rome, where he arrived just as Otho appeared before its walls, and laid seige to the Castle of St Angelo. The wily Emperor induced Crescentius to submit, promising him his life, but no sooner had he got him in his power, than he caused him to be strangled.

Fearing for the life of his friend after the fate of Crescentius, St Nilus who was received with the greatest honour by Otho, and Gregory,

pleaded John's spiritual relationship to both princes, as he had stood sponsor for them at baptism, and begged that the Antipope might be given over to him, to return with him to his monastery.

The promise was made, but how kept is one of the sad stories of the dark ages, when cruelty seemed to ride triumphant through the land. The wretched John having his eyes and tongue torn out, his nose and ears cut off, was placed on an ass backwards, and in this mutilated state he was paraded through the streets of Rome. For so barbarous and cruel a deed both Emperor and pope were responsible.

Overpowered with horror at such brutality St Nilus wrote a letter to both of them concluding thus: "Because ye have broken faith, and because ye had no mercy for the vanquished, nor compassion for those who have no longer the power to resist, know that God will avenge the cause of the oppressed, and ye shall both seek mercy, and shall not find it." Then shaking the dust from

his feet he left Rome, and returned to bury himself at Serperi. Two years after Gregory died in a miserable manner.

Otho, it is supposed, stung with remorse for many misdeeds, determined to make a pilgrimage to various great shrines. On returning from Gargano he visited St Nilus, offering to lavish any favours on him he chose to ask. St Nilus laying his hand on the Emperor's breast replied: "Nothing do I desire of thee but the salvation of thine own soul."

Otho became enamoured of the beauty of Stephania the widow of Crescentius, who encouraged his affection by promising to become his wife, but at the same time administered a slow poison to him, in revenge for the death of her husband, of which Otho died in the year 1002, at the age of twenty two.

Nilus was now old, long past the age allotted to man of threescore years and ten, and having heard that the Prince of Gaeta meant to enshrine his body at his death, and

make him the patron saint of his province, he determined to seek some spot where he might die unknown. The Abbey of Serperi too, was in a very sterile part of the country where the community could with difficulty be maintained. He set out with a few of his monks, and passing by Rome, and the Convent of "Tre Fontane" which had been offered to him, he took the Via Latina till reaching the Alban Hills, he and his followers, as we have seen, came upon the ruins of a Roman Villa where they halted. Each dreamt that night this was the spot where they should remain, and build a church. The ruins were admirably suited for the purpose, strong foundations ready prepared, and an ample supply of water, so that when Gregory, Count of Tusculum, brother of the reigning Pope, hastened to greet the old man, on hearing of his arrival, in the following words: "Servant of God I am not worthy that thou shouldest enter under the roof of a sinner like me, but behold my house, my city, and my territory, dispose

of them as seemeth best unto thee," the gift St Nilus asked was the ruin where they had improvised a dwelling and a sanctuary.

On the request being granted, the building commenced in earnest, the remaining monks sixty in all arriving from Serperi. A church began to rise built by money which came flowing in from the pious, and from those whose consciences were troubled for past sins.

In September of the same year St Nilus feeling himself dying, asked to be carried into the half finished choir, where he expired at the age of 95.

The character of St Nilus as left us, is that of a man of gentle, kindly disposition with power to attract, and draw others round him, especially the young. His intellect was acute, and his industry great. He was passionately fond of music, and of singing, he carried about always in his hand a copy of the Holy Scriptures, or of the early fathers, and was in himself a learned edition of the latter. His great delight was in

copying manuscripts. To this he devoted three hours daily, his calligraphy was beautiful, and with practice so rapid, that we are told, in order to pay off a debt of three crowns, he copied three Psalters in seven days.

Nilus himself taught his monks writing, and then imposed on the most clever, the task of recopying the manuscripts. From an examination of the library as it now exists, for much has been lost and much stolen, it may be seen he had collected many beautiful copies of the sacred writings, and of the fathers, only three codices however in his own writing exist. His poetic genius remains in several hymns, besides these, there are a few historical notices, and letters relating to his life and times.

St Nilus very strongly enjoined manual labour, and reproved a Calabrian monk for giving himself up too much to devotion, and meditation, to the neglecting of his body.

How plainly and simply the monks lived, is shown by their bill of fare for Christmas

day, handed down to us by one of themselves. "Today we have dinner, first hard boiled eggs blessed by the priest, then again eggs fried with sage, the dish being brought round by the hospital servant, a plate of pickled herbs with cheese, cake, and the usual glass of wine with a cordial."

The Easter Dinner is thus described, the blessing of the table *(mensa)* being given in the Chapter house: "First eggs, cheese in shapes, rolls made with butter are blessed, we begin with these, then eggs fried with sage brought round by the hospital servant, then a plate of herbs with cheese, cakes made with milk and honey, and a cordial." The Basilians as we see by these their festive meals, never took meat, such delicacies were reserved for the sick, and for strangers whom they courteously entertained.

Bartholomew who was elected abbot on the death of St Nilus became the second founder of

the Abbey of Grottaferrata. Its situation only twelve miles from Rome, on one of its great highways, the Via Latina, close under Tusculum, and near the many feudal castles which had been raised on the Hills around, made it a great resort for travellers, who all received the greatest hospitality from the monks.

Twenty years after the death of St Nilus the church was consecrated by John XIX. The eight beautiful fluted columns, of Oriental granite placed in the nave, were found by the abbot among the ruins of the ancient villa. The Narthex or Porch rested on four similar columns. The sculptured doorway of vine leaves, and heads of animals, belonged probably to some building of the third century. Over the Portal was a Mosaic of the Saviour blessing according to the Greek form, on each side of him stand the Virgin Mary, and St Basil, and kneeling is a monk, probably Bartholomew.

On the Architrave runs the Greek inscription which once was to be read on St John's at Con-

stantinople: "Ye who enter this house of God cast away intemperance of thought, that ye may find the Judge who is within benignant."

The Greek ritual which St Nilus naturally adopted, was here carried out in all its splendour, on much the same rule as in the churches of Jerusalem, and Constantinople.

Fermented bread was used at mass, and divided by the priest with a knife, or small lancet on the Altar. (1) The vestments were also Greek. The Psalms were sung daily in this language. Through Lent and especially during Holy Week, the singing and constant prostrations continued, with little or no interruption, both day and night.

On each Saint's day, and these were many, there were processions accompained by lights and

(1) In the Abbey is preserved a very old round stone, on which is rudely sculptured the figure of a monk celebrating between two assistants. The one on the right hand is presenting a knife or lancet to the officiating priest, before whom is placed the fermented bread, and the cup of wine.

reliquaries, crosses, and pictures, often followed by an "Agape" for the benefit of strangers.

Later on, in the 15th century, the Latin vestments, with the Latin form of the wafer were introduced, and it was ordered that the Gospel, and Epistle should be read, first in Greek, then in Latin.

The abbey was rich in vestments, and illuminated books, and manuscripts. More substantial gifts came in from the great feudal families round, and from the Popes, until the church became an Archimandrite, with twenty two churches like the parishes of an Episcopal See subject to it.

Here Benedict IX, "the boy Pope," a son of the Count of Tusculum, passed the last years of his life, trying by penitence to atone for sins, and scandals committed during his Pontificate. Gregory IX, spent a week here, and granted special privileges and favours to the Church and its monks. Gregory XI, on his way to Anagni from Avignon remained here two days with his court.

Later on Pius II, paid the Abbey a visit of a day, one of his attendants has thus described it: "Very early in the morning the Pope set out for Grottaferrata. This is an old monastery in the county of Tusculum, which they consider to have been formerly the Villa of Cicero, and where he wrote his Tusculan Disputations. The Abbey is inhabited by monks of the Greek rite, who wear beards, and who sing the lauds and offices in Greek. The monks bless the water according to the Greek rite at Epiphany, and preserve it all the year in a marble vase in the vestibule of the church, and give it to fever patients, for it drives away fever. The rooms of the monks are good, and especially those of the Abbot. The gardens are beautiful, and better than all, there is an ever flowing spring of cold water which is carried into the vestibule of the church, and from thence goes to all the offices." Pope Pius II, wished to see for himself the state of the Abbey, and enquire into its declining revenues. He instituted radical

reforms, assigning the Abbey *in Commendam* to superiors no longer obliged to reside there.

The first appointed was Cardinal Bessarion, the courtly and accomplished Greek Archbishop of Nicea, who received the Cardinal's hat in 1439, and was afterwards naturalized in Rome, where his palace became the resort, and refuge of all scholars both Greek and Latin. The third abbot *in Commendam* was Julius della Rovere, afterwards Pope Julius II, who fortified the abbey. The last was Cardinal Consalvi who renounced baronial jurisdiction in 1816. In his time the Basilian community had dwindled away to 12. — The inmates now are few in number, and are all Italian, the order being in name only Greek. The monks dedicate their time to the education of youth of the higher classes, who go though a routine of study much the same as in Italian Colleges.

The fortifications of the Abbey of Grottaferrata have already been named, it may appear strange to hear of an Abbey turned into a fortress, but

when we read of the internal wars of Italy during the middle ages, we wonder that it existed till 1484, without bulwarks and battlements. Surrounded by great turbulent barons and their retainers, the position of the monastery led to its being constantly occupied by soldiers, first on one side, then on the other.

The annals are wild and strange; first comes Robert Guiscard in 1084, on his way to Rome to liberate Gregory VII, a prisoner in his own city. Then comes "William the bad" king of Sicily in 1155, who overran with his army the Pope's dominions, and the Abbey and its territory were made use of as a camping ground. In 1163, comes the struggle of the Romans with the counts of Tusculum, a struggle which lasted thirty years, and ended in the complete overthrow of the city in 1191; this time the monks had to fly, and take refuge with the Benedictines at Subiaco.

Again in 1241, the abbey is the centre of the Military camp of Frederick II, of Germany, who is marching against the head of the church.

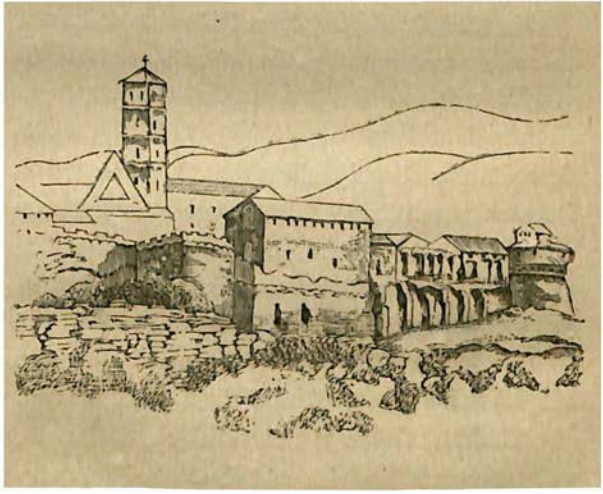
Then there seems a short time of repose till 1379, when the Monastery becomes the scene of a military occupation which caused much harm to the monks. On the 29th April 1379, a great battle was fought between the troops of Urban VI, and the soldiers of the Antipope Clement VII. The Abbey was made the battle field of Gascons and Bretons, led by a nephew of Clement VII, and the day ended with the slaughter of five thousand and sixty men and officers, and the taking of many prisoners.

Hitherto the monks had only been witnesses of these terrible struggles, but in this case, they seem to have been mixed up in some way with the friends of the Antipope, and suffered accordingly.

In 1409, Ladislaus, king of Naples, occupied Grottaferrata with his militia, and for four years devastated the Pope's dominions. Ambrogio Traversari who visited the Abbot in 1432, speaks of the Abbey as "a sad ruin, having been so long the habitation of soldiers."

Here is an account left us by one of the combatants, of a fight between the Colonna faction, and the Pontifical troops who had possession of the Abbey; "In the year 1484, the night between the 9th, and 10th of June, the Colonnas who were at Marino, protected by the darkness of the night, silently arrived at Grottaferrata, took the cloister of the Monastery by assault, in which were some of the cavalry and infantry of the Pope, commanded by Leo, and Paul Orsini. Not long before, Sinulfo degli Otterii, one of the presidents of the Apostolic chamber, had been sent there. These officers hearing the noise rushed out to repulse the enemy, but Leo was shot by an arrow, Paul Orsini fled, and the legate surrendered at discretion. Nearly 40 of the cavalry were slain, and others wounded. The monastery was quite ruined, and left without a garrison. Sinulfo was conducted to Marino, and afterwards set at liberty in Rome, and the body of Leo Orsini was buried in the church of Sta Maria di Feltri."

No wonder if after such vicissitudes and storms, Cardinal della Rovere should seek to fortify this strategic spot, and protect, if possible the abbey and its monks. The works were begun in 1484, and finished in 1494, and form a grand pile of building as seen from the country round.



In 1554, the Abbey was in the hands of the Spaniards, but in 1557, it was restored by treaty

of peace. Towards the close of this century we hear less and less of war, and nothing more of military occupations, a time of peace and rest was to set in for the abbey, which we may truly say, has taken its place in the military history of Italy.

In 1610, Cardinal Edward Farnese undertook to restore and beautify the church, and at the special request of Annibale Caracci, employed Domenichino then only on his thirtieth year, to decorate the chapel dedicated to St Nilus, and St Bartholomew. These frescoes are among Domenichino's finest works, especially the healing by St Nilus of a boy possessed by a demon, which is considered by some, superior in composition to Raphael's treatment of a similar subject, in his great picture of the Transfiguration.

The next fresco to this is a very large one, and represents the visit of Otho III, of Germany to St Nilus. The figures are full of life and expression. Domenichino has introduced his own portrait holding the Emperor's horse, also those

of Guido Reni, and Guercino among the attendants. The fair haired page wearing a blue cap with a long white plume, is said to be a girl of Frascati, (the village adjoining Grottaferrata) with whom Domenichino fell violently in love, but whose parents refused to give her in marriage to him. The story runs, that on the unveiling of these frescoes, the father and mother of the damsel were so enraged at seeing their daughter's portrait introduced, that to escape their vengeance he had to fly from Grottaferrata.

Following this, comes a fresco of singular beauty, St Nilus in prayer before a crucifix, the hand of the Saviour is lifted off the cross in blessing on the suppliant. The half opened lips, the intense pressure of the hands, the bent position of the head, have given to this picture the title of " the type of prayer," *Il tipo dell'orazione.*

The whole chapel indeed is so covered with beautiful frescoes that it is impossible to name one in preference to the other. They are

each worth close, and careful study by all lovers of art.

It is wonderful that with all the various military occupations, and vicissitudes of Grottaferrata, anything remains of its once famous library. Many of the manuscripts were lost and torn during the flight of the monks to Subiaco. Much was carried away by the Emperor Frederick, and much must have been taken by unknown hands. Paul V, took away some of the choicest codices, giving the monastery several mountain villages in exchange. Urban VIII, removed the most valuable of the old writings to the Vatican, and to his private library.

There remain still about 6000 volumes, and upwards of 200 manuscripts. The latter consist of portions of the Scriptures, writings of the Fathers, and liturgies, amongst these is the celebrated "Eucologium" brought to the council of Florence by a monk of Candia, and given to the Cardinal Bessarion, who presented it to the

library of Grottaferrata; letters, and miscellaneous works. A great part, if not all the books of the Old, and the New Testaments are to be found here, more especially Psalters, and Gospels and Epistles for the mass; most of the Greek Fathers, and a series of liturgies of the various offices for Saints' Days.

The writing of these manuscripts differs greatly. In those of St Nilus up to the writers of the 12th century, the character is careful, close, and minute. From the 12th, to the 14th century the letters are more open, less regular, and somewhat fantastic. From the 14th, to the 16th century the character loses all its regularity, and is at its worst; perhaps thus preparing the way for the introduction of printing. After this the writing seems reduced to a certain model, formed on the printed type.

This short account of Grottaferrata ought not to close without mentioning the beautiful pallium, embroidred in silk and gold, which may go back to the 11th, or 12th century; also a

famous majolica vase painted by Domenichino, it is thought, and presented by Cardinal Farnese; in which the holy water blessed at Epiphany is kept.

In the many changes with regard to monastic establishments which have lately taken place throughout Italy, Grottaferrata was one of the few exempted from the law passed for their suppression. Its great traditions for nine centuries, its wonderful Greek and Latin library, its pictures, and its ancient Greek rite, gave it a claim to be considered one of those abbeys of which Italy may be proud. Therefore it was decreed in 1874, that it should remain as one of the National Monuments of the country, under the special care of the Minister of Public Instruction.

PERUGIA

AND

HER CAPTAIN FORTEBRACCIO.

PERUGIA

AND

HER CAPTAIN FORTEBRACCIO

PERUGIA as it is approached in the month of May seems standing in a country brimming over with gladness. The fields of red clover, and springing corn, the tender vines, the green mulbery trees, the undulating hills dotted over with towns and villages, the distant mountains fading into pale blue haze, and the higher Apennines capped with snow, all seem rejoicing and singing for very gladness. Perugia stands crowning a hill with her battlements and towers, and campanile, and old grey weather beaten churches, and houses, looking now golden in the setting

sun. And as we ascend the hill by a good winding road, we think how many have looked on this fair sight, and gloried in it is as their very own, men who passed away centuries ago, but who have left histories and thoughts in the very stones that surround us.

Of Perugia's origin we know nothing, the remains of massive walls of enormous stones piled one upon another, without cement, would seem to speak of an occupation even before Etruscan times, probably about B. C. 1500.

It was one of the twelve great cities of the Etruscan league, and has remained a city of some importance ever since. Together with the rest of Etruria, it succumbed to Roman power only after many fierce struggles; but when once reduced, she remained the faithful ally of her conqueror, as she proved herself during the Punic wars.

The period of the Roman triumvirate however proved fatal to Perugia. Always maintaining warmly the side of the republic, she opened her gates to

Lucius Antonius, brother of the Triumvir. Octavius (Augustus) then laid seige to the town, B. C. 40, and after going through all the horrors of famine, it was taken, sacked, and burnt.

Augustus caused it to be rebuilt, and the beautiful gateway bearing the name, Augusta Perusia: in the upper part at least, is of this date.

In the fifteenth century, a great day of art burst on Perugian soil. It broke with Palmerucci the two Nelli, Gentile da Fabriano, and after them, Pietro della Francesca, Bonfigli, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, Pinturicchio, and Pietro Vannucci, called by the Perugians to this day "our Perugino", and ended with his pupil "the divine Raphael", whose work and fame cast all his fellow students into the shade, and whose glory is the culminating point of the Umbrian school.

Of Raphael's master Perugino, Vasari says: "How greatly poverty sharpens the intellect, and guides it to excellence, and perfection, is nowhere shown more clearly than in Perugino",

Born of very poor parents, he was brought by his father to Perugia at the age of eleven years, to work out his own career. Resolved to rise to some eminence he studied drawing diligently, turning night into day, caring neither for cold, nor hunger, nor fatigue, so that he might feel sure of a roof over his head on a rainy day. He often quoted the proverb: "After bad weather good days must come;" and always called work his "true wife."

He gained what he sought, both wealth and fame. Perhaps his greatest name rests in his being the master of such a genius as his beloved Raphael. For Perugino seems to have loved the gentle youth as his own son.

He lived to weep over his early death, and it is a touching sight to see the old man of seventy five, sitting under his pupil's first fresco, in the church of S. Severo, which he had begun at the age of twenty, and never finished, working with trembling hand to complete it. Perhaps he felt nearer him as he sat thus at work, and

contemplated the thoughts of that creative genius, who had become his Master, and who as Master excelled all that had preceded him.

But now let us leave for awhile Perugia, and her incomparable paintings; the Palazzo Pubblico, its fountain, and its Cathedral, to visit the Etruscan necropolis three miles distant, where are gathered the mighty dead each resting on his stone bed.

We pass the cloister of S. Giuliano, now turned into a military hospital, where peeping in, we see sick soldiers sitting among the Gothic arches, with here and there a sister of Charity flitting about, to soothe one, and encourage another to try his returning strength in a gentle walk. We leave San Pietro, its beautiful church and monastery, the latter now a Municipal Industrial school for orphan and vagrant boys, whose merry voices, and shouts of laughter we hear, as they are at play in the convent garden adjoining the city wall; and pass out of the city gate down the hill to San Giovanni, and the Tiber.

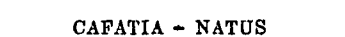
On the road-side the stone door of one sepulchre stands open; we descend a long flight of steps, and find ourselves in a handsome vestibule, where lights are needed to show us that on each side of us are chambers, and a sort of tribune, or place of honour at the end. Over the doorway is represented the sun with dolphins on each side, may be, an emblem of the resurrection, the sun rising out of the sea. The roof is pointed, the beams and rafters all cut in the rock. From the central beam depends, by a long slender rod, a small terracotta figure, the genius of death, with the inverted torch; facing us, high up on the wall, is Medusa's head, with serpents tied under her chin. The mouth is slightly open, showing her pearly teeth, the eyes coloured, the face full of beauty and expression; from the walls spring serpents hissing, moulded in terra cotta, with metal tongues.

In the chamber or tribune facing us the whole family is gathered, the principal tomb being guarded by two exquisitely carved genii, their

torches inverted. The lady sits on her chair, the father and sons recline on couches, with paterœ in their hands, and in the various cinerary urns grouped round, are their descendants down to Roman times, when the Etruscan character merges into Latin writing. Their name on an urn in the shape of a beautiful little marble temple is given in both languages:

P . VOLUMNIUS . A . F . VIOLENS

CAFATIA - NATUS



" Publius Volumnius son of Aulus, by a mother named Cafatia."(1) And this is all we can know of them, except may be that the Velimni, or Latinised, the Volumni family, were great and wealthy, that they were strikingly handsome, and that in death as in life, they sought to have all elegant around them. An adjoining chamber had been reserved for their servants, eleven of

(1) It is worthy of notice that women took a high place among the Etruscans, children assuming the mother's name as well as their father's.

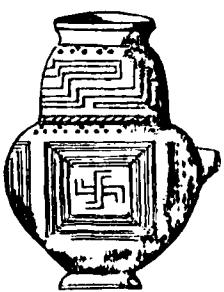
whom are buried in urns of coarser workmanship.

The vases, lamps, and armour, mirrors, etc. have been taken to the Villa Baglioni hard by, where the courtesy of the owner allows them readily to be seen.

Numbers of small cinerary urns from neighbouring tombs have been brought to the empty chambers, some of them with very curious carvings. One represents a fight with a Griffin; this is so often seen, that it seems to give an Etruscan origin to Perusia's emblem, which is on her gates, and all her public buildings.

Hundreds of sepulchres honeycomb the hills around, out of which the treasure trove has been carried back to Perugia, and fills corridors and chambers of the University. Such treasure too we find on going to seek it there.! Chiselled hand mirrors of rare beauty (for each lady was accompained to the tomb by her mirror, as well as her ornaments), gems of beautiful intaglio work; gold earrings of every form and design, the gold particles closely soldered together, with

interweaving threads of gold, and sometimes interspersed with enamel. Beads of a kind almost unknown elewhere, of variegated glass inlaid with tiny figures of men or animals; hanging lamps in terracotta and bronze; elegant candelabre, perhaps some of the very same which an Athenian poet in the time of Pericles, has so highly praised; a bronze chair, the bronze remains of a chariot, the gold and silver plates which covered them having long since disappeared; amphoræ and vases of every shape, and size.

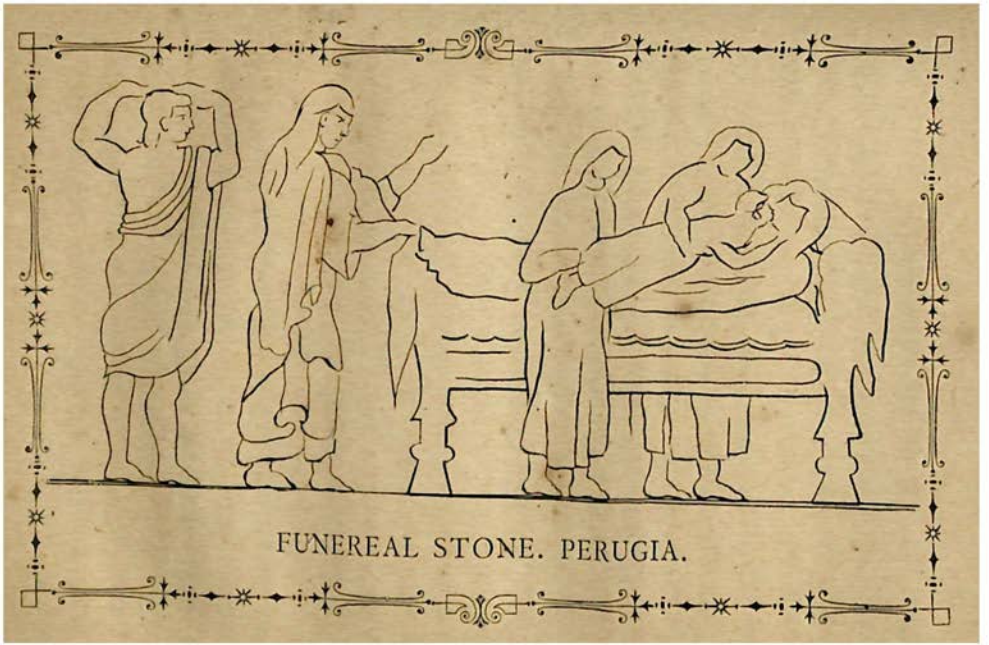


One vase in the last room arrests our gaze, it is of black pottery, the ornaments scratched, not painted on it, and in the midst of a quaint design we see the mystic suastica, found in Mycene, in Egypt, in Scandinavia, in Ireland, and in the catacombs of Rome: and which in the days of Christian persecution by Pagan Rome, became known as the hidden cross, an

emblem by which the Christians could in time of danger recognize a friend from a foe. The colour and workmanship of this jar would fix its date as very early, before the influence of Greek art had shown itself on Etruscan pottery.

There is a curious memorial stone of carved travertine, which we turn to study before leaving. It is circular, and has marked a grave where the body probably was buried, not burnt. The carvings which are much worn, tell their own story of a parting. The mother is dying, and the attendants hold her little child to give the last kiss. The bronze feet of the bed, and the cushions on which the dead lie, are carefully depicted. At the foot stands the husband, behind him come the mourners placing dust upon their heads.

Opposite to this scene is an altar with the funeral ceremonies going on. A priest stands on the left hand with the lituus; on the right side is another, followed by a boy, and several attendants. The drawing of the whole though



FUNEREAL STONE. PERUGIA.

wonderfully descriptive, is archaic, the monument itself being probably of the fifth century. B. C.

We come away from the traces of this unknown people, who have left behind so many records of themselves, feeling we have much in common with them, and our sympathies are drawn out to those, of whom we know only, — as in this instance, — that they lived, and suffered, and died.

Now let us pass over 2000 years. We are in Perugia in the 15th century A.D. A broad Piazza or Square is before us, with a Gothic Cathedral. In the centre stands an exquisitely carved fountain, cut and chiselled more than a hundred years before, by the hands of two of Italy's greatest

sculptors, Nicolò and Giovanni da Pisa; sending up its clear jets of water which fall, like diamonds in the sunlight, into three basins below.

A great crowd has assembled, the streets are full of soldiers with their bows, and with their lances; knights with crested helmets ride up and down. The balconies and windows are draped with heavy brocades, and many coloured silks. Fair faces are there, looking on with interest, and wonder, and some dread. All eyes are directed to the great doorway of the Palazzo Pubblico, its beautiful rounded arch a mass of carved work of pomegranites, of wheat ears, and of fruit, and flowers. On each side are pillars on which stand Griffins, Perugia's emblem, as if guarding the approach. There is a sound of trumpets, followed by a blaze of colour from rich robes, and armour and banners, and then there steps forward a tall commanding figure. He is dressed in scarlet, a band of wrought gold and jewels confines his robe at the throat, over this is worn a mantle of velvet, of many shades of crimson.

His eye is small but keen, like a hawk's, his mouth full, and determined. He looks round, for this is a proud moment of his life. Foot by foot he has fought his way back to his native Perugia, and here he tells the people he will dwell as their ruler, he will respect their laws, and their property, he will increase the power, and greatness of their state, but he expects them in return, to be true and faithful to him.

There is something in his manner which attracts and awes the people, they think of that terrible fight of seven hours down the hill at S. Giovanni, in the fearful heat and dust of a July day, by which he won his right to enter Perugia as her conqueror; they remember the prowess and daring of the man whose arm dealt blows that sent many a strong and brave soldier to his grave, and they know that they are in the presence of their master; and shouts of "Long live Braccio, Fortebraccio," fill the air.

And Fortebraccio kept his word. He set himself to benefit his native Perugia, gave her

many excellent Institutions, he raised beautiful public buildings, and increased her territory, gaining many cities by conquest, others yielding themselves voluntarily to his strong rule.

For the youth of Perugia he instituted games and trials of strength, and tournaments, which suited the temper of those adventurous times, and trained the young men to serve in his militia.

Braccio di Montone, son of the lord of Montone, was born in Perugia in 1368. While yet a boy he was with other noble families, banished from his native town. A bold, free, restless character seeking change and adventure, he took service at the age of eighteen under the Count of Montefeltro, and for the rest of his life was connected with all the warlike struggles of the times in Italy, first on one side, then on the other, as the pay, and the play suited him. He had "a head for everything," and was as often called in for diplomacy as for war.

In 1409, he was on his way to Rome to help a Pope to recover lands wrested from him by

Ladislaus, king of Naples. Two years later he is helping the Pope to recover the city of Bologna from a people always ready to assert their freedom. Left as governor of this city, he ruled it with a strong hand, till the Council of Constance deposed Pope John XXIII, when the citizens again rose to claim their liberty, and Fortebraccio nothing loathe to join their cause, left them to themselves, after receiving a present of 82,000 florins, resolved now to seek his fortunes for himself in Perugia.

The Council of Constance summoned in 1414, was attended by King Sigismund of Hungary, Pope John XXIII, by cardinals, bishops, prelates, and nobles, with the threefold object of bringing about:

The union of the Church under one acknowledged Pope, it being now distracted by three rival Popes.

The Reformation of the clergy in its head, and in its members.

The extirpation of erroneous and heretical doctrines.

There were not wanting among those assembled, some who spoke of the cruelty, simony, and other iniquities of Pope John, and in the conflicting state of public opinion it was proposed that all three Popes should resign, and a new head of the church be duly elected. Pressure was put upon John XXIII, who was obliged to concede, but very soon he repented, and making a secret treaty with Frederick, Duke of Austria, fled, dressed as a groom, first to Schaffhausen, then to Fribourg, and lastly to Brisach, retracting all he had promised.

Sigismund, and the other princes united prayers, threats, and at last arms to induce Frederick to give up Pope John. At length they prevailed, and the delinquent was brought back to Constance, and kept under a strong guard. The Council then proceeded to pass sentence of deposition, and imprisonment on him; John finally promising to call himself no longer Pope.

Sentences of deposition were likewise passed on Benedict XIII, and Gregory XII. The latter hearing of John's fall, and feeling his case desperate, sent to resign his authority. For this spontaneous act, he was granted the Governorship of the Marches of Ancona, and the right to wear the scarlet. At Rimini he gave up the tiara, and assumed the title of Cardinal of Porto.

But nothing could be done with Benedict XIII. He stoutly refused to yield to entreaties, or threats, he fled from fortress to fortress resolved to die a Pope. The king and potentates had to content themselves with passing sentence on him, declaring him perjured, deposed from every dignity and office, a schismatic and a heretic. A year after these events the election of a new Pope, Martin V, was proceeded with.

It was after leaving Bologna in 1416, that Fortebraccio fought his way against powerful foes, till arriving on the banks of the Tiber at S. Giovanni, the decisive battle was fought which

led to his entrance into Perugia. Here he showed great talent for governing, but could not remain long without war. He took the papal towns of Rieti, Narni, Terni, Assisi, delighting the Perusians by increasing the splendour, and power of their city.

In 1417, Fortebraccio marched on Rome, and surprised its inhabitants by his unexpected appearance. The two Cardinals then ruling, went out to meet him at Sant' Agnese, on the Via Nomentana, to ask him his intentions. He frankly answered that he meant solemnly to enter Rome, and hold it for the new Pope. The Romans being unprepared for defence, and fearing the loss of their crops, as it was close upon harvest, capitulated, and Braccio di Montone made a triumphal entry, taking the title of "Defender of the city." He was not long left in peace. Sforza the great rival captain of the day, was sent against him, he was longing for revenge, as Fortebraccio had taken some of his castles, and given them to one of his own friends. He sent the challenge of the blood-stained glove, but Fortebraccio could not

risk a battle, feeling his position insecure, so he retired to Viterbo, and thence to Perugia, taking four more of the papal cities on his way.

Shortly afterwards Fortebraccio marched to Florence. The Florentines, his close friends, induced Martin V, who was then their guest, to receive him into favour, as he was willing to restore some of the papal cities he had taken. He entered the town as a king, or an Emperor, amid shoutings and pomp; and charmed the Florentines by his easy manners, his wit, and his lavish expenditure among them. They contrasted his style of living with the penury of Martin V, and his soldiers might be heard singing in the streets:

Papa Martino
Non vale un quattrino.

A Florentine reproached Braccio for having said he "would reduce Pope Martin so low that he would say six masses for a piece of silver;" he replied, "I would not give him a piece of copper for a thousand." Nevertheless he proceeded to prostrate himself before the Pope, and even

promised to force the city of Bologna to return to his allegiance.

Once more he returned to Perugia to receive an embassy from Joanna, the unhappy Queen of Naples, asking Fortebraccio to aid her when her old champion Sforza failed her. He condescended to go, on condition that he should be put in possession of Capua, and its Princedom, and be made Constable of the kingdom. All was granted, and after receiving 200,000 gold florins to pay his troops, part of which he disbursed, and part he placed in the hands of Florentine bankers, he left Perugia for Naples, where he was received with great distinction by the Queen.

He over-ran Calabria, and was every where victorious; the following year he was desirous of bringing about a reconciliation between Queen Joanna and Sforza, and to this end arranged a meeting with his former friend, rival, and enemy. The two great leaders met, and talked as friends for a couple of hours. Braccio completely succeeded in inducing Sforza to return to his allegiance, after which he returned to Perugia.

He was now lord of Perugia, Captain General of the Florentine armies, Count of Foggia, and Prince of Capua; but his ambition rose as he ascended each step of the ladder of fame. His heart was set on conquering the warlike town of Aquila in the Abruzzi, feeling sure whoever possessed it, held in his hand the key of the kingdom of Naples. He laid seige to it, but it held out bravely for the Queen of Naples; he could not take it by assault, its General Antoniucci dall'Aquila performing wonders for its defence. For thirteen months it was beseiged, till the people hard pressed by famine, sent urgent messages to the Queen, and Pope to come and help them. Sforza was the commander chosen for this enterprise, but he was drowned on the way, fording a river and urging his troops to follow him.

The command then fell on Jacopo da Caldora, whose forces were greatly superior in number to those of Fortebraccio. But a dream of ambition so filled his mind that for a time he seemed bereft of reason. He became impatient of every-

thing that delayed the decisive battle. In his rashness he sent to Caldora, who was then making his way across the mountains, to say he would not fight till he reached the plain; and when his Captains urged him to begin the battle while Caldora's cavalry were with difficulty descending the steep, narrow mountain paths, he only replied: "I will not fight half, but the whole army."

Piccinini was left with four squadrons of cavalry to guard the gates of Aquila, and as soon as all the troops of Caldora were in the plain, Braccio gave the order to the cavalry to charge, the infantry to wait in reserve for his signals. The first encounter was fierce and terrible, Caldora's cavalry were driven back to the mountain side; that General then ordered his infantry to insert themselves under the enemy's horses, and to stab them. This caused great confusion. When Piccinini from the heights of Aquila saw the cavalry of Fortebraccio breaking, he could no longer resist joining the battle, and forgetting his instructions, galloped to the help of his

BRACCIVS

friends. The result was fatal. The people of Aquila finding themselves free, rushed out. Joined even by the women, they ran furiously down the hill, and came behind Braccio's troops with shouts and stones. The dust raised prevented the infantry from seeing Braccio's signals to aid the cavalry.

Fortebraccio was every where, riding in the thickest of the fight, urging his troops to rally, raining blows on his assailants, till at last he fell from his horse desperately wounded. He was taken prisoner, and carried to the tent of Caldora. Seeing their General fall, his army was seized with panic and fled, leaving their camp and baggage a spoil to the enemy.

Fortebraccio's proud spirit was now broken altogether, no word passed his lips again, he was resolved to die. The victorious General treated him with all consideration, ordered that every attention should be paid to him, summoned his friends to be with him, but he neither noticed them nor spoke. They pressed food upon him, but

he turned from it; the surgeon said his wound was not mortal, but his spirit was wounded beyond healing, and at the end of three days he died.

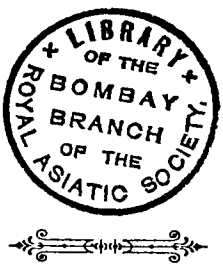
Ludovico Colonna took his body to Rome to bury it, but as Fortebraccio had died excommunicated, and without the rites of the church, Martin V, who was his bitter enemy, refused to let it rest in consecrated ground. So he was buried outside the cemetery of S. Lorenzo.

Six years later Nicolò Fortebraccio, nephew of the great condottiere, received permission from the next pope Eugenio IV, to take his bones back to Perugia, where they were placed over the doorway of the cloister of San Francesco.

They are now preserved in a glass case in the University of Perugia, with a curious Latin inscription, to the memory of one of her great men, who once stirred all Italy, and whose ashes now lie in this glass urn.

Shortly after the fatal battle, Perugia (with many other cities held by Fortebraccio) was again in the hands of the Pope.

Since then she has gone through many tragic scenes, and been possessed by many masters, until we find her now happy and prosperous, enjoying quiet and liberty as a town of United Italy.



CORNETO-TARQUINIA.

CORNETO-TARQUINIA.

TWELVE miles from Civitavecchia on the low undulating hills bordering the coast of the Mediterranean, stands Corneto-Tarquinia; Queen of the Maremma two thousand years ago, the ecclesiastical Metropolis, and the centre of the religious life of ancient Etruria.

The Maremma line of railway has now a station at Corneto, and from thence an ascent of about two miles brings one up to the town. Seen from below it stands cresting a hill, in a long line of battlements and towers; twenty five of these old baronial strongholds can readily be counted, and

there are perhaps a dozen more, that have had to lower their heads to the level of the streets of the town.

On entering the Mediæval gateway towards the sea, the Palazzo Vitelleschi first attracts the eye; such an exquisite building in such dire decay. Its cloistered court, once the scene of pomp, and princely gatherings for war, or the chase, is now turned into stalls for cattle, sheds for carts, carpenters' benches, etc. Yet though the carvings of the windows are knocked about, and the interstices filled up with boards, and old clothes, to keep out the winter wind, and the summer heat, nothing can alter the beauty and refinement of the original Gothic design.

In 1439, when Cardinal Vitelleschi who had ordered the palace to be built, visited it on its completion, he ascended the grand staircase or rather the inclined way on horseback, indeed the passages were so wide, and so arranged, that a horseman could ride up to the second storey. It was at that time considered one of the finest palaces

in Italy. Over the great doorway the family arms of the Vitelleschi, two Bulls, may still be seen, sculptured on their stone shield.

The famous Condottiere, Bishop, Patriarch and Cardinal, Giovanni Vitelleschi was one of those warlike Bishops whom the middle ages produced, and who wielded the sword better than the Pastoral staff. Pope Eugenius IV, made him Captain General of his army; In 1431, Bishop of Macerata, and Recanati; in 1432, Governor of the Marches; in 1435, Patriarch of Alexandria; then Archbishop of Florence, and afterwards a Cardinal, this last honour in reward for victories gained for the Pope over the Prince of Taranto.

In 1434, the Pope being obliged to fly from Rome, owing to an insurrection in the city, escaped to Ostia, where with the aid of Vitelleschi he got on board a galley, and sailed to Leghorn, going from thence to Florence. He sent the General with his terrible militia to quell the rebellion. The warlike Prelate was guilty of much cruelty, many excesses, and great want of faith.

He forced the Colonna faction out of Rome, pursued them to their strong fortress of Palestrina, which he wrested out of their hands, (sending the Church bells, and relics to Corneto), and returned in triumph to Rome in August, 1436.

There is an account of his entry into the city very characteristic of those times, when Vitelleschi was received first as a Bishop, and then as a military conqueror. Mid great pomp, with banners floating, and trumpets sounding, he passed under a triumphal arch to the church of the Lateran, to visit the heads of St Peter, and St Paul; then with a gold emblazoned flag carried over him, and the same pomp, he went to the church of SS. Lorenzo e Damaso, (1) there he kissed the altar, while the people shouted, "Long live the Patriarch." The procession then passed on its way to the Capitol, where he was met as a General, and presented with 1200 gold ducats in a golden cup; a grateful Senate and

(1) The original Church dates from A. D. 570.

people voting him a statue on the Capitol with the title:

"Father of his country after Romulus and Augustus."

His wars, his victories, and his pride increased, till Pope Eugenius IV, becoming jealous of his power, and of his fame, gave secret orders for his assasination. It was said in excuse, that letters in cipher had been intercepted from Vitelleschi to the Duke of Milan, the Pope's bitter enemy.

Antonio Rido, a captain of the Papal forces, and Castellan of the fortress of San Angelo, undertook the deed. The arrest had to be carried out with the greatest caution and secrecy.

On the 19th of March, 1440, Cardinal Vitelleschi having sent on his soldiers, 6000 strong, to the aid of the Pope in Florence, was riding with a few friends through Rome, previous to his departure to take the head of his army, when on nearing the bridge of S. Angelo, he was met by Antonio Rido, with all out-

ward honour and respect. The Castellan rode up, and gently laying his hand on the reins of the Cardinal's horse, pretended to speak to him about the ordering, and safe-keeping of the Castle of St Angelo during his absence. Thus chatting they crossed the bridge, there Rido with a sudden and violent jerk at the horse's bridle forced him within the Castle gate. Rapidly giving a signal, the drawbridge was immediately raised, and Cardinal Vitelleschi saw himself separated from his friends, and surrounded by hostile troops. But the great General was not to be made a prisoner easily, he fought desperately, till he fell from his horse covered with wounds; he was then carried into the Castle, where in four days he died, railing at Rido, who had so treacherously betrayed him.

The news of his arrest caused the greatest consternation. The town of Siena sent a deputation to the Pope begging his release. Eugenius IV, pretended the arrest was made unknown to him. "It is hard to believe," says Cavaliere

Dasti, " so much reticence, subterfuge, and lying, as Eugenius put into his Bull, announcing to the people of Corneto the death of Cardinal Vitelleschi;" while from the walls of San Angelo, Antonio Rido was calling out to an exasperated, and tumultuous militia: " The order was given by the Pope." " It was the Pope's order."

As soon as Cardinal Vitelleschi was dead, Eugenius IV, ordered an inventory to be made of his goods, and of his fortune, the latter amounting to 100,000 gold ducats; and sent a Bull to the people of Corneto telling them to hold the Castle of their town for him.

The body of the General was carried without pomp, to the church of St Maria sopra Minerva, and from thence, was taken by his nephew, Bishop Bartolomew Vitelleschi, and buried in the Cathedral of Corneto, where a marble slab tells of his mighty deeds, and — in as few words as possible— of his death.

The Cardinal never in the midst of his

triumphs, forgot his town of Corneto, loading it with favours, and causing the Pope to grant to it the rights of Roman citizenship. In return Corneto has put up a bust to his memory in the Palazzo Pubblico, or town hall, with the title Rome had decreed him:

"Tertio ab Romulo, Romanæ Urbis Parenti."

A short walk from the Palazzo Vitelleschi brings us to the Castello, the ancient fort of Corneto, which now looks more like a fortified suburb; in the palace of this stronghold the Countess Matilda resided for a time in the year 1087.

Standing under the old Castle Gate (Porta di Castello), whose scarp sides rise abruptly from the valley, the view is most extensive; over many miles of waste land, at this time pink with asphodel; over many a site of once flourishing cities, now unknown, except as here and there a green mound stands, as a sign post, to lead the explorer to look for some grand bits of old wall, or may be, the arch of a gateway

buried low in the soil. Away the eye ranges to Orbetello, to the Mediterranean, and when clear to Corsica. In the valley below runs the river Marta, (in Etruscan times the Larth) and where it empties itself into the sea, can be traced the lines of Gravisca, Tarquinia's ancient port.

Close to the Gate is the old Cathedral, or church of St Maria di Castello, long disused, now under the care of the Governement, and known as "Il Monumento." It stands, a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture of the 12th century, on the site of an earlier church of the 9th century. An inscription within tells us the present building was consecrated in 1208, and the names of the ten Bishops who were present, also that an indulgence of twelve years was granted to all who attended the ceremony.

There is a curious octagonal baptistery of albaster, for immersion, brought probably from the older church; and a ciborium dated 1168, whose four beautiful columns of verde antique in one piece, were taken away by Cardinal

Altieri to decorate his palace in Rome, and replaced by four modern imitations.

On the pavement of the aisles are some most interesting early Christian inscriptions, one wonders from whence they were brought. They seem to belong to the second, or third century of the Christian era, and are of the same character as those found in the catacombs of Rome, of the year 150 A. D. (1). They read thus:

Euticio - Confessor.

The Lord be with you. *(The name is lost).*

Sabina in hope.

Romanella to her son who sleeps.

Balbina in peace.

The burial place of Faust, who made it for himself when living.

Ciriaco lives.

Another, outside the principal doorway, and let into the wall runs:

Those never die who suffer for Christ's

(1) De Rossi.

name. Here Saturnino, Sisinnio, and Timotheus sleep quietly, with the beloved Sinforiano.

There are no records remaining to tell us of early Christian martyrs in Corneto, but these few inscriptions, in their simple touching language, yet full of hope, would seem to speak of some who had suffered for the faith of Christ; heroes unknown to us, but whose names are written in the book of life. That Tarquinia was long in receiving Christianity we know. The centre of Etruscan mythology, and rites, it could not, and would not, give up her old beliefs without a struggle.

In the 16th century the church of Santa Maria di Castello had fallen into such a bad condition, that it was handed over to the Carmelite fathers to keep up, but they quarrelled so much among themselves, that it was very soon abandoned.

In 1819, an earthquake shook the church severely, and injured the roof greatly. In 1848 and 1849, French soldiers occupied it, using it as a barrack, and some of their inscriptions

may also be read, even on the beautiful ambones in the nave.

The church is now damp and cold, green mould is spreading itself over the fine Alexandrine pavement, and creeping up the walls, and disused pulpit, with its date of 1209, on it, made by one Giovanni di Guido, a Roman citizen.

The cloisters are carpetted with grass, and nature is here fast asserting her supremacy, or perhaps clothing the past with a mantle of her own most beauteous colouring.

Close to the church stands the finest of the towers of Corneto, one which is seen from all the country round, It is tall, and square, with no mouldings, thus telling its own date of the year 1000. Formerly it was surmounted by four stone horses found in Tarquinia, but they have disappeared, none could tell us how, though probably the same earthquake which shook the church, threw them over.

The present Cathedral is in the centre of the town. Some charming frescoes have lately

been discovered in the chancel under a coating of whitewash. The subjects are the eight Sibyls; the birth of the Virgin. on one side, and opposite to this, her marriage; they are assigned to Masolino da Panicale, and his pupil Masaccio (1).

The pleasant old Cúre came out, and had a chat with us over them, insisting the frescoes were by Raphael, that he often came with his train to shoot wild duck at Corneto, and that on one such occasion he painted these.

In the vestibule of the Cathedral are some good Gothic monuments, the figures recumbent, of the Vitelleschi family; also the tomb and epitaph of the great warrior Cardinal, of which we have spoken.

(1) The date on the Vitelleschi arms immediately below these frescœs, 1445, would seem to negative the view of their having been painted by Masolina di Panicale, and Masaccio. He died in 1430, his pupil Masaccio, two years earlier. Can they be by the hand of another of Masolino's pupils, Fra Filippo Lippi? A comparison of these with the frescœs of the latter painter in the Duomo of Prato, might help to settle the question.

While in the Cathedral we call to remembrance that the early Bishops of Tarquinia-Corneto were independent of the see of Rome. The first was chosen by the people in the fifth century, and this manner of election was continued till the year 870, when the terrible Saracen invasion forced the inhabitants to fly. Darkness seems to have spread over the land, and its records till 1319, when we read that the people of Corneto put themselves spontaneously under the Bishop of Viterbo, on the following terms:

I. That they should elect their own Vicar, a native of Corneto, before whom all ecclesiastical cases should be decided.

II. That each parish should elect its own parish priest.

It was not till the fifteenth century that the town again became a Bishopric, Eugenius IV, giving the people their own bishops, appointed by himself, and to be chosen by his successors.

But though Corneto possesses so much of mediæval interest, its Etruscan remains are its

principal attraction. Before leaving the town to visit the tombs, the Museum must be seen, and wending our way thither, we are attracted on all sides by curious sarcophagi used as fountains, bits of exquisite mouldings let into walls at haphazard, quaint inscriptions, and beautiful stonework under much rubbish. The Museum is yet in its infancy, but the energy of an enthusiastic Syndic has already done wonders. We asked to see him, knowing his unfailing courtesy to strangers; but alas! he was laid low with serious illness, and was probably on his death-bed.

On the ground floor are some very curious sarcophagi. One called "the Magnate" from the evident rank of the man whose figure is represented on it, reclining with a patera in his hand. His name is given, Velthur Partanus, and his age 82, though the face represents a man many years younger.

Another sarcophagus, perhaps the most interesting in this room, is that of a priest, who instead of leaning on his arm, as is so usual

with these Etruscan monuments, lies on his back; wearing a long chiton down to his feet, which are sandelled. A stole, fringed, is round his neck, the right hand is raised in blessing, and in his left, he holds an incense box, on which are still some traces of yellow colour. His hair and beard are closely curled, and there is much expression in the face. His name too is given, Lars Partiun. The skeleton was found in the Sarcophagus, and the skull was shown by our guide preserved in a glass case, together with two spear heads. This probably was likewise a warrior prelate, for in Etruscan times we learn that the priests were the princes, and military chiefs of the people.

The rooms upstairs contain many kinds of cinerary urns, hut and helmet shaped, some of these found quite lately. The curious little huts containing ashes are supposed to be exact representations, in miniature, of the dwellings of the living, and are very archaic. The vases of every shape and size are most beautiful, so are the ornaments and the gems.

There is something of every kind here, ladies waistbands in gold, a set of false teeth, rings, gems, scarabœi, bronzes etc., all brought from that mine of wealth, the Necropolis hard by.

One vase on a round table ought not to be passed without a remark, as it is really the chief treasure of the Museum, it is a very large tazza, bearing the name of its maker Oltos, and of the painter Euxitheos, and is supposed to be a votive offering to Jove. It represents all the heathen divinities assembled on Mount Olympus, their names written over them in Greek letters. The workmanship of this tazza is most exquisite, and its date is thought to be some years prior to the Peloponesian war.

Leaving Corneto by the Porta Tarquinia, we enter upon an open hilly country, and shortly arrive at curious looking doorways just off the high road, leading apparently nowhere.

A closer examination shews numbers of these doorways dotted over the fields. These then are the entrances to the tombs. Long ago the spolia-

tion of these tombs had begun. Suetonius speaks in his time of their sacriligeous profanation; and Cassiadoras of the depredations practised on sepulchres looking for gold.

In 1546, Cardinal Farnese demanded of the city of Corneto, six thousand pounds weight of bronze, for the decoration of the Lateran church. A town council was called, and the supply immediately voted "from the fragments of Antiquity."

Since then the tombs have been visited, and searched by antiquaries, for their treasures of antiquity, which are now to be found in every Museum of Europe.

With what strange feelings must this Necropolis of Ancient Etruria be surveyed, when we are assured that it extends for sixteen miles, and judging by the proximity of the tombs to each other, must contain at least 2,000,000 sleeping dead, all of them unknown; and this only in one corner of Italy!

And they looked forward to a life after death, not a higher life as their paintings show, but

one with all their powers of enjoyment in present interests intensified. While we are pausing and meditating, the guide has unlocked the door, and disappeared down a very steep stair hewn in the rock, and has lighted candles. We follow, and at the bottom find ourselves in an oblong room with a sloping roof. In the centre is a beam cut in the rock. The two sloping sides of the roof are painted in chequers of blue, white, yellow and red. The beam is painted with ivy leaves and berries, interspersed with large red disks, called by our guide the " eye of Bacchus." At the upper end a banquetting scene is depicted, men and women alternately recline on couches, — the men always red, the women white — with chequered coverlets thrown over the feet of the sofas. Before each couch stands a low table with viands, and a slave is near, ready to pour wine into a tazza, one of the men holds in his hand. Above them hang chaplets, and over the red band from which these depend, are two panthers, the animal sacred to Bacchus.

On each of the side walls are represented dancers. A boy leads, playing the double pipes, a musical instrument never absent from Etruscan feasts, a woman with a lyre, another with castanets, and so on round the walls; the figures full of spring and motion. Each is separated by a tree on which are birds; all are crowned with wreaths of leaves, masters and slaves alike.

On either side of the doorway is a horse and rider, painted red, the horses with long flowing tails, the riders completely nude. These are to represent the souls riding away on their last long journey to the unknown land....

Such is the tomb of the Triclynium as it is called. Many others we visit of different shapes, and designs, all painted with an infinite variety of scenes and subjects, showing decided epochs in Etruscan Art. Some represent boxers with the cestius, athletes wrestling, hurling the disk, leaping with poles: others, gladiatorial combats.

Sometimes the soul rides away led by a spirit, and followed by a demon who is urging on horse

and rider, with hammer or malet. There is one representation of the triumphal entry of a soul into Elysium, in a biga drawn by four horses. In another tomb are depicted the dread deities of the lower world, called by the Etruscans Mantus, and Mania; but here named in Greek style Hades, and Persephone. Mantis sits on a throne covered with a wolf skin, holding in his hand a serpent, beside him is Mania, her head covered with serpents. Charon the great messenger of souls is there, hideous as imagination can paint him, with his attendant Furies.

Days not hours could be spent here studying these pictures of a past life, and of a civilization which though gone by, has had its effect upon the whole of modern Europe.

But let us pass on to look at the site of ancient Tarquinia; and as we sit on the grass sweet with thyme, and wild flowers, recall its past.

It lies there opposite us on a green plateau. A valley is between the old town, and the Ne-

cropolis where we are, and not a building of any kind remains above ground to tell of Tarquinia's glory. There are the foundations of a wondrous gate, it had seven; the line of the citadel can be traced, also some substructures of what probably were the temples of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; but it is only the dead who speak to us of the past, of their greatness, of their gods, of their feasts, of their games, of their loves, of their sorrows, and of their partings.

The date of Tarquinia is in hoary antiquity. Some say, a son of Atys founded it, and that Tarchon who came with him from Lydia built it: others that a colony of Egyptians driven from their country by the successful invasion of the Shepherd kings settled here.

Tarquinia was not only a city, it was a powerful state. Its people were mariners, and it became an emporium of vast commerce, with five seaports belonging to it.

Demaratus flying from Corinth in the year 665, B. C. fixed on Tarquinia as his future home.

He had often sailed here in his own ships, exchanging the merchandise of Greece and Phœnicia with Etruria. He was a merchant prince of his day, and when he came to settle, brought with him Greek artists, and painters. This may account for the love of, and the skill displayed in the painted decorations of the tombs of Tarquinia, and the neighbouring cities, found nowhere else in the same degree, throughout Etruria.

Demaratus married an Etruscan lady of noble family, and had two sons Lucumon, and Arinte. The elder also married an Etruscan of noble blood, but being constantly reproached with being a foreigner, and urged on by the ambition of his clever wife Tanaquil, went to Rome, where his wealth and talents brought him into notice, and he became Tarquin Priscus, king of Rome.

On his death the Tarquinians and Romans had many a desperate fight; after one of these in which the Etruscans were victorious, they offered up three hundred, and seven Roman soldiers to their deities, in the forum of Tarquinia.

Terrible were the reprisals, for not many years after, another battle was fought, the Tarquinians were completely routed; eight thousand were slain, and three hundred and fifty eight of noble blood were reserved to be scourged to death, or beheaded by the lictors in the Roman Forum.

After the banishment of Tarquinius Superbus, Tarquinia sent an army to his assistance, then was fought the battle of the Arsian wood, when Junius Brutus the first Roman Consul, and Aruns Tarquinius fell by each other's hands, B. C. 508.

After a struggle which lasted three hundred, and fifteen years, Tarquinia was forced to succumb to the growing power of Rome. About the year 200, B. C. it was declared a colony with limited confines, and a Roman Municipium. In the second Punic war it supplied sailcloth to Scipio's fleet; and in the time of Trajan, and the Antonines, we read of it as a flourishing city.

Later on, it shared the fortunes and troubles of Rome. In the sixth century of our era, the

Goths pillaged it, and in the ninth century, the Saracen pirates who came down like locusts on the land, completely destroyed it. But it lives still in Corneto to which the inhabitants removed, and many a handsome boy and girl whom we saw running about the streets, may claim some of these great Etruscans for their ancestors.

Cicero tells the story of how a peasant when ploughing near Tarquinia, saw a boy spring out of the ground. His fright was so great, and his screams so loud, that all the city ran out to see what was the matter. The wonderful boy, Tages by name, " with the wisdom of age," then told them he had come to instruct them in the art of Divination, by the flight and entrails of birds, and by lightning, and portents. They treasured up all he said, and recorded it in a book, which became the system of national divination, called " The sacred Discipline of the Etruscans."

The worship of the Lares and Penates, household deities, who watched over the personal interests of families, was a prominent feature

in the Etruscan mythology, and passed, together with their system of auguries, to the Romans, when they absorbed the Etruscan nation into their own.

Great independence has always been a characteristic of the people of Corneto-Tarquinia, They have adhered to the principles of self government, and liberty of thought and action; hence their prosperity, for though it is now but a small town, there is no poverty among them, and no great wealth. The town can still boast a few exports, and the inhabitants always seem busy and satisfied.

The bust of Victor Emmanuel ornaments the façade of the Town Hall, and under it we read that the people of Corneto-Tarquinia by unanimous vote desired annexation to the "United Kingdom of Italy."

MICHAEL DE MOLINOS.

MICHAEL DE MOLINOS

VERY few of the many travellers who yearly visit Italy know anything of the delights of a summer villeggiatura. They come for a winter or a spring season, and at the first burst of warm weather take flight to cooler regions. But it is in the early summer, and again in autumn, that Italy puts on her fairest colours, and decks herself in her most lovely flowers and fruits, and it is just at this time away from the bustle and stir of towns, one seeks and finds in some of the Villas, — which the Italians of three or four centuries ago,

knew so well how to build, to protect themselves from summer heats, — that rest, repose, and leisure, so seldom found elsewhere.

In the summer time shrubs and trees seem to flower as if by magic, in great masses of blossom, till the air is sweet with the fragrance of magnolias, oleanders, pink acacias, orange and lemon trees. Many of the gardens are planted with trees, cut and twisted into fantastic shapes to give the thickest shade, and there is always a fountain, if not two or three, sending up jets of cool water, perchance from the mouth of a dolphin, or giant shell, to fall again splashing into a mossy basin below, so keeping up a continual movement of soft air around. And at evening comes a walk on the terraces to watch the sunset, and the wondrous colours of the afterglow, till may be the moon rises in a perfectly clear amethyst sky, and then there is no night.

In the Villa itself is every arrangement for comfort and delight. Large, lofty rooms with

marble floors, and painted ceilings, leading one into another, with space for everything; fitted up with quaint furniture, and silk hangings of generations gone by; and on the walls sketches and pictures by many a clever and famous hand, turned to dust centuries ago.

Such was a villa close to a grand old town on the Apennines, founded by Julius Cesar, a city beautified, and ornamented by the giant minds of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and still little altered by the restorer, or by the hand of time.

In the small picture gallery of the house curious faces looked down from the walls, some in mirth, some in sadness. One of these having the name inscribed Ludovico Sergardi, was evidently a man of high rank, as his satin robes and rich lace ruffles betokened, with an expression of fun and wit beaming on his face. We learn who he was, and something of his character from a marble slab placed on the family palace in the town, bearing the following inscription:

LUDOVICUS SERGARDI
CHE NOMATISI QUINTO SETTANO
SOMMO CULTORE DELLA POESIA LATINA
SCRISSE LA SATIRA
COLLA FORZA DI GIOVENALE
E
COLLA GRAZIA DI FLACCO.

Opposite to this portrait was a small sketch in a massive gilt frame, of a strange, pained, worn face, with no traces of good looks, but somehow attractive from its expression of suffering. Closer inspection showed the words round the profile: Michael de Molinos Filius Perditionis. Damnatus Die III. Septem. 1686.

It made one start to find oneself in presence of the portrait of Molinos the Quietest. Curious to know more of this sketch, the picture was soon taken down from the wall, and being eagerly examined front and back. On the reverse of the sketch was written,

EFFIGIES MICHAELIS DE MOLINOS
QUEM IN AEDE BEATÆ MARIA SUPRA
MINERVAM
DUM PUBLICE HERESIM ABJURET.
AD VIVUM PINXIT.
LUDOVICUS SERGARDI. PATR. SEN.

Glancing at the opposite wall there was the painter of this portrait, who with smiling face, still seemed stedfastly to regard the poor prisoner of the Inquisition he sketched on that 3rd of September, as he stood with his hands manacled, a candle between them, for three hours, to hear the charge of heresy read against him, and the *lenient* sentence of the "Holy Office" pronounced.

Our thoughts went back to Rome, to the Dominican church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, outside of which a notice was put up to the effect, that fifteen years indulgence would be granted to any who should attend this act of

faith. Inside the church tiers of boxes were erected, on one side for the comfort of the nobility, and grandees, who were to be present, on the other for prelates, *religiosi*, and seminarists. In every part the church was crowded.

At the upper end was a temporary platform for the presiding Cardinal, the General of the Dominican Order, and the whole tribunal of the Inquisition. Before this platform stood the prisoner, between two *sbirri*, (1) while a monk read the charges against him from the pulpit.

A Dominican writer, a violent opponent of Molinos, has left us a sketch in words of his appearance on this third day of September: "A grave composed face, dress uncared for, the beard rough, thick lips, a majestic movement, and robust frame. Good carriage, a melancholy eye, the nose long, and profile sharp," a description which confirms the impression of the character given in the picture.

Such was the prisoner, and such the scene

(1) Pontifical police.

LIKENESS OF MICHAEL DE MOLINOS
WHO IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA
SOPRA MINERVA

PUBLICLY ABJURED HIS HERESY.
TAKEN FROM LIFE.
LUDOVICUS SERGARDI P. S.

on the day when this portrait was taken. Now our interest is thoroughly aroused, we desire to know all we can of this victim of the Inquisition, and why he suffered.

Miguel de Molinos, was the scion of a noble Spanish family, and was born in the province of Saragossa in Spain, in the year 1627.

Of a quiet thoughtful nature, he was from his early years much given to reading and meditation. He came upon the works of Santa Theresa, a saint greatly venerated in Spain, her writings attracted him, and from them his Quietist views first took form.

He was ordained to the priesthood, but he never wished, nor sought a benefice, having ample means of his own for all his requirements.

The doctrines of Molinos as they became gradually developed, were not new. They had been taught three hundred years before by the Society of the "Friends of God:" by Gerson, by Bernard of Clairvaulx, by Catherine of Siena, and many others, some of whom had been canonized by the same

church which condemned Molinos. There was ever a power and a charm in their spirituality which attracted those who could not rest in outward forms, and who were enquiring for a fuller, a clearer light to lead them onwards. It was one of the charges brought against Molinos, "that they were pure souls, given to prayer whom he misled."

At the age of thirty eight he left his native Spain, and came to Rome, doubtless expecting as a great Augustinian monk before him had done, to find more light, more holiness in the centre of the Catholic world.

Among the Spanish, French, and Italian Cardinals, and Bishops, Molinos had many friends, such as Cardinals Casanata, Azzolini, Carpégna, d'Estrées, and Petrucci.

The fame of Molinos' quiet, holy life soon spread. Men and women of high rank begged him to become their spiritual director. Many priests, and even Jesuits, waited on him to learn of him his "Method," and those who were

confessors, carried the new views into families and convents. His friends in Spain, and others at a distance, wrote and begged him to instruct them by letter, and his correspondence seems to have become a very large one.

Thus thinking how he could best help all those souls who were now looking to him for counsel, he published in 1675, a book called "the Spiritual Guide," which was at once taken up, and eagerly read. Five doctors of the Church, among them one of the Qualifiers of the Inquisition, giving it publicly their approval.

Innocent XI, who was elected Pope the following year was known to have a great leaning to Molinos at this time, and gave him rooms in the Papal palace.

Of "Innocent XI," the historian Ranke writes: "He was an austere, humble, and pious man. The same severe integrity which ruled his private life, led him also to fulfil the duties of the Papacy with no coward hand. One of the family of Odescâlchi from Como, he

came to Rome at the age of twenty five, his sword by his side, his pistol in his belt, seeking employment, perhaps to take military service in Naples. The counsels of a Cardinal who divined his vocation better than he did himself, determined him to enter the church. He displayed so much zeal, and gained such a name for capacity and high feeling, that during the sitting of the Conclave to elect a new Pope, on the death of Clement X, the people shouted his name under the Portico of St Peter's, and manifested the greatest enthusiasm when he issued out of the Council with the tiara on his head."

He endeavoured to bring about many reforms, in church and state, and especially to put a stop to the luxury, the wordliness, the extravagence of the Cardinals. He called a secret consistory, and entreated them, with tears in his eyes, to be done with a way of living, injurious to Christianity. But it was in vain; he saw himself powerless to resist the evil round him, even in his own court.

Some idea of the wealth, and princely style of living of the Roman hierarchy may be gathered from a book published in Venice in 1664, by Lunadora, giving minute regulations for the use of Cardinals; the number of their servants, their manner of taking exercise, of sitting down, and rising up. The number of rooms to be passed on receiving guests, the depth of their salutations according to the rank of the visitor. etc.

Two large volumes appeared by Monsignor Vannazzi for the use of gentleman in waiting, to instruct them in their duties, also for guests that they might know how to conduct themselves in the presence of these dignitaries.

The daily dinner table of a Cardinal is thus described: "The table was richly decorated with the rarest flowers and fruits, the plates were of silver, the china from Urbino and Faenza.

"At one end of the dining hall stood a buffet covered with silver salvers, and vessels of gold and silver. Hundreds of silver dishes were heaped up for the use of guests.

"When the Cardinal sat down to table the cupbearer brought a silver basin, and poured water over his fingers, the steward handing him a napkin on a silver salver. The gentlemen in waiting offered water to any guests present, the pages presenting the napkins.

"The meats were ushered into the room by a groom of the chambers, with his sword by his side; then followed the steward, then the under steward with a tureen of soup, followed by assistants with other dishes, the steward indicating each dish by pointing to it with a little wand of ebony tipped with ivory.

"When the Cardinal wished to drink, his cupbearer removed the cover from the cup, while the steward offered a napkin, which was changed every time it was used.

"The chaplain said grace, and the train bearer opened a spiritual book to read, but as soon as the Cardinal called for wine, the book was closed, and conversation began."

"Supper was served in the same way, only at

this meal, the Cardinal was preceeded into the dining hall by his pages bearing torches."

At this time, and in some of these princely houses, Molinos now began to hold meetings to explain more fully his views. Many things which seemed abrupt and crude when laid down as axioms, proved good and true when fully explained by him.

And thus he taught: "The Divine Lord will be alone with thee to rest in thy soul, and form there a throne of peace, that within thy heart by means of internal recollection, and His heavenly grace thou mayest look for silence in tumult, solitude in company, light in darkness, forgetfulness in pressures, vigour in despondency, courage in fear, and resistance in temptation."

"Walk with firm faith and a holy silence, dying in thyself with all natural industry, trusting that God who is the same and changes not, intends nothing but thy good.

"Walk as if blindfolded without thinking or reasoning, put thyself into his kind and paternal

hands, resolved to do nothing but what is his divine Will and pleasure.

"Persevere in prayer from which springs much fruit, and many advantages:

1. A loathing of the things of the world, which little by little tends to the stiffling of the bad desires of thy past life, and the producing of news ones to serve God.
2. Thou wilt reflect on many failings, on which formerly thou didst not reflect.
3. Thou wilt know thyself better, and feel in thee a high esteem of God, far above all created beings.

"With all thy outward disciplines and mortifications thou wilt never have true light, nor make one step towards perfection, thou wilt stop in the beginning, and thy soul will not attain to rest, and supreme, eternal peace.

"All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. It is necessary that they be purified with the fire of tribulation and temptation, that so they may be clean, pure, and perfect. Therefore the

Lord purifies the soul, which he calls, with the rough file of temptation, and so polishes it from the rust of pride, avarice, vanity, ambition, presumption and self conceit.

"Internal recollection is faith and silence in the presence of God. Recollect thyself with an affectionate attention as one given up to God, and united to Him, with reverence, humility and submission, beholding him in thy soul without form, likeness, or figure. At that time the intellect believes with a pure act, and the will loves with perfect love, without any impediment, imitating the pure and continued act of love which saints say the blessed in heaven enjoy, with no other difference than that they see each other face to face, while here the soul sees through an obscure faith.

"It is certain that our Lord Jesus Christ is the Guide, the Door, and the Way. Before the soul is fit to enter into the presence of the Divinity to be united to it, it must be washed with the precious blood of the Redeemer, and adorned with the rich robes of his Passion.

"The passion and death of our Saviour ought not to be blotted out of remembrance, whatever high elevation of mind the soul may be raised to, it cannot be separate from the Holy Humanity.

"Let the soul then place itself at the gate of Divine Mercy, which is the sweet remembrance of the cross, and passion of the Word who was made Man, and died for love."

Thus Molinos taught, and simple "pure souls" believed, and gradually outward forms began to lose their power, the Confessional was abandoned, with its accompaniment of penances. Masses were not requested for the dead. Pictures processions, and shrines were neglected.

The Jesuits became alarmed at the spread of doctrines, which were undermining their power. They summoned Cardinal Petrucci, and Molinos to appear before their tribunal. Both came triumphant out of this examination, and Innocent XI, shortly afterwards appointed Petrucci, Bishop of Jessi; this proof of the Pope's approval, and

confidence in the Cardinal, led many who were wavering to join the views of Molinos.

He now taught further,— and these doctrines were among the sixty eight propositions taken from his writings, and read at his trial as a reason for his condennation —: "No creature, neither Madonna, nor Saints, should be in thine heart, only God."

"It is not well to seek Indulgences for punishment due to sin."

"To use pictures, images or any like conceit, is not worshipping God in Spirit."

"There are those truly spiritual ones who by putting off, and forgetting themselves, go into the presence of the Lord with pure *faith*, without image, form, or figure, but with great assurance founded on tranquility and rest internal. These souls have already gained a greater light, and a truer knowledge of Christ our Lord, both of his Humanity and Divinity."

Molinos was now attacked for teaching that communions were of no avail for the salvation

of the soul. It was said "women presented themselves at the altar of the Eucharist, without preparation or confession, without looking at the sacred images, lest a glance should interrupt their pretended contemplation." Molinos therefore published a treatise entitled, "Frequent and daily communions," a work approved of by Père Martinez, the eminent Jesuit. In this book Molinos writes: "The coming to frequent communion needs no other preparation than the avoidance of mortal sin".

The Jesuits seeing they could prevail nothing with the Pope, employed Père La Chaise to use his influence with "The most Christian King," Louis XIV, of France. He sent a letter to Innocent XI, condemning in strong terms the "new heresy," a letter which Innocent XI, handed on to the Inquisition. Molinos and Petrucci were immediately summoned before the Holy Office, this was in 1684. Petrucci was soon absolved, but Molinos was kept in the prison of the Inquisition till May, 1685.

What promises or threats were made to him there, during those months of imprisonment, we cannot tell. Probably he felt as he expresses it in his writings: "No earthly tribunal has a right to come between the soul and God," and that "naught can shackle the freedom of the mind;" any way he is again found in "his own hired house" "reputed a man of highest excellence, and spirituality, beloved and applauded by the Romans," working quietly and diligently while souls are hungering to be taught more and more by him.

But the time of trial is near, how few of them will stand the test of persecution, or rise with their master to the heights of that Quietism which he taught, "no news afflicts the soul, no success makes it glad, nor doth tribulation disturb it."

"Know that the Lord rests only in quiet souls, and in those in whom the fire of tribulation hath burnt up the dregs of passion, and the bitter waters of affliction washed off the filthy spots of inordinate appetites."

"Keep constant then, O blessed soul, keep

constant! for it will not be as thou imaginest, nor art thou at any time nearer God, than in such times of desertion, for although the sun is behind the clouds yet it changes not its place, nor loses its brightness."

"Afflict not thyself too much, because sharp martyrdoms continue."

"Persevere in humility, and go not out of thyself to seek aid, for thy good consists in being silent, suffering, and holding patience."

"He is within thee that fighteth for thee, and he is Strength itself."

But the Inquisition was now fully determined to crush Molinos altogether, and stamp out this heresy. Letters come to them from Bishops in various parts of France, and Italy, complaining that their dioceses were infected with this pest.

Innigo Caraccioli, Cardinal of St Clement, writes that he finds his diocese of Naples so infected, that he begs the Pope "to bridle the course of the heresy with which every one was touched."

Count Vespiani, and his wife; Dom. Paolo Rocchi, confessor of Prince Borghese, with two hundred others, were arrested, and put into the prisons of the Inquisition, where they were kept for a month.

On the 13th of February 1687, the Holy Office gave orders to examine the Pope himself, not as Vicar of Christ, or successor of St Peter, but as plain Benedetto Odescalchi. (1)

On the 15th, two days after, they sent a circular letter to Cardinal Cibo, Minister of Innocent XI, telling all ecclesiastics to avoid the doctrines of Molinos. Monks and nuns were ordered to return to their rosaries, and breviaries, which they had neglected.

This letter had not the effect expected, the Quietists being so numerous. Father Appiani the most learned of the Jesuits, was next imprisoned, and the Inquisition then proceeded to the arrest of "the instrument of it all," as a Dominican monk

(1) Morerl.

writes, " who is to be found in the guise of an innocent lamb, living under the protection of very eminent people, in the very heart of Rome, in a house in the Via dei Serpenti, a street which leads up to the Esquiline Hill".

It was necessary to choose a favourable hour for the arrest of Molinos when his powerful friends were not with him. The officers of the Inquisition proceeded to his house towards evening, which they searched; quantities of letters were found, "a correspondence which seemed to embrace the world." Two friends were with him at the time, brothers, of the name of Leoni; one of them, Simon a priest, being confessor to the convent of the SS. Incoronati; (1) the other a laic; these two accompained him to prison, but " the thunders of the Inquisition speedily brought them to repentance. "

(1) The church and Convent of the Santi Quattro Incoronati are on the right of the Coelian Hill. The church is very ancient and interesting, dating from the 7th century.-

At the sound of this blow even distant Spain aroused herself, but the vigilant Inquisition replied by prohibiting all books of Molinos, and extracting sixty eight propositions from them, which were to prove his heresy, and justify his condemnation.

On the 28th of August, 1687, the following Bull appeared.

Decree of His Holiness Pope Innocent XI.

Given at the Papal Palace.

"In order to abolish the most pernicious heresy which has taken root in many parts of the world to the great injury of souls, it has become necesary to us to exercise apostolic vigour, to the end that by the authority and foresight of a watchful Pontificate, the arrogance of heretics in the strength of their falseness, may be set down, so that the light of Catholic truth may shine in a Holy Church purged of all the filth of false doctrine.

It having been discovered that a certain Michael de Molinos, son of perdition, has taught

many, by word and writing, and also himself practised evil dogmas, under the pretence of quiet and prayer, against the doctrines received from the holy fathers, from the beginning of the early church, thus leading the faithful away from true religion to the greatest errors, and much impurity. His Holiness Innocent XI, bearing in his heart the souls of the faithful entrusted to his care, seeks to purify them from the errors of depraved opinions, so that they may safely arrive at the desired gate of salvation.

His Holiness having likewise in this grave matter, taken the opinions, and votes, both by word, and in writing, of your Eminences and most Reverend Cardinals, and Inquisitors General, as also many Masters in Theology, throughout the Christian Republic, and after mature reflection, and imploring the guidance of the Holy Ghost, has resolved to condemn the following propositions of the same Michael de Molinos, recognized as his, dictated, written, communicated, and believed by him, he having

owned to, and respectively confessed them. Such propositions being heretical, erroneous, scandalous, blasphemous, offensive to pious ears, against Christian discipline, and seditious."

"Everything said by word and in writing is condemned, and for the future it is forbidden to speak, write, or dispute, believe, hold, teach, or practise such doctrines, and who ever shall contravene this fact, shall be for ever deprived of all dignity, rank, honour, benefice and office; shall be excomunicated with the greater excommunication from which even His Holiness cannot absolve, except in the article of death."

"Besides, His Holiness prohibits and condemns all books, or works wherever they be, expressions borrowed from, as also all manuscripts of the said Michael de Molinos; and forbids any one of any grade, condition, or state, under any pretext, feigned name or otherwise to print, or cause to be printed, or to read the said books or works or manuscripts, but to give them immediately to the ordinary of the place, or to the Inquisi-

tors, when they shall be instantly burnt, to the end such books, works and manuscripts may be destroyed."

Locus ✠ Sigilli.

In order to understand these high handed proceedings better, it may be well here to notice that the Tribunal of the Inquisition had ample power granted to it by Bulls of successive Popes to "Examine, prosecute, and punish all cases of Heresy, schism, apostacy, magic, and abuse of the sacrament, throughout the Catholic world." The examination of prisoners was always in private, and the confronting of witnesses with the accused seldom, if ever allowed.

The congregation of the Holy Office consisted of fourteen Cardinals, three Qualifiers, twenty eight Consultors, (including five Bishops), and several regular clergy, with four laymen of the legal profession. The Pontiff was Prefect, and the senior Cardinal secretary.

The congregation was divided into three classes, which met every week, for a certain number of months during the year. The first Meeting was held on Mondays with Councillors, a Prelate, an Assessor, and Commissary, to prepare for the meeting of Cardinals.

The congregation of Cardinals met on Wednesdays, at the Dominican convent of Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

The third was held before the Pope, usually on Thursday morning, with the assistance of Cardinals, prelates, and other officials. The Pontiff on his throne opened the proceedings with prayer, after which affairs of the gravest moment were enquired into. The reports of the two previous councils were read, and revised, while the Assesor, Commissary, and Councillors waited in an antchamber, till summoned to appear.

Secrecy was strictly enjoined on all members of the Holy Office, by the most solemn oath; any violation of this was met by the severest punishment.

Such was the machinery of the Inquisition for trying persons suspected of heresy, in the time of Molinos, and such it continued in Rome till the year 1849.

The 3rd of September was fixed on for the trial, which was to be held in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. Notices were put up that fifteen years indulgence would be granted to any who assisted at this act of faith.

Whether threats and tortures had been used in secret to Molinos, will never be known, but it was publicly given out that he had abjured. The announcement caused a great revulsion of feeling towards him, among a people always variable, so that when he was brought from the prison to the church, a distance of more than a mile, he would have been dragged from the carriage by them, had he not been protected by the sbirri who rode on each side.

This is called the trial of Molinos, but it was not such, it was a public condemnation by the Tribunal of the Holy Office of his opinions,

after they had been enquired into at their meetings.

Molinos was taken into one of the halls of the Dominican convent adjoining the church, where a dinner of dainties and luxuries was set before him. He was told to eat, as this would be the last meal of the kind he should ever enjoy. He was then placed on a chair, and carried on the shoulders of the Sbirri through the sacristy into the church.

Silence fell on the immense crowd as he entered, and all eyes were turned towards the prisoner. Many knew him, had hung upon his words as he taught, and some of these were mourning for him; others were there only to see a show, knowing nothing of Molinos, nor of his doctrines, and caring less.

He stood pale but unmoved, while the chain was put round him, and a candle in his hand; then he turned with commanding step towards his Judges, who were seated on a temporary platform at the upper end of the church.

A Dominican monk ascended the pulpit, and read out first the Papal Bull, and then the sixty eight heretical propositions taken from his writings.

A few only of these are given, as there is much repetition of subject in them:

II. The desire to work actively is an offence against God, who will alone be the agent. Thou must abandon thyself to him, and remain as a dead body.

III. The desire to do something hinders perfection.

IV. Natural activity is the enemy of grace, and hinders the operation of God, and true perfection, because God wishes to work in us, without our help.

VI. The internal way is that in which we know neither light, nor love, only resignation.

VII. The spirit should not think of rewards nor punishments, nor of paradise nor hell, nor death, nor eternity.

XI. Be not troubled when doubts arise.

XII. Whoever has given up his will freely to

God, should care for nothing, neither hell nor heaven, nor have a desire for his own virtue, nor holiness, nor salvation.

XIII. If the soul be wholly given up to the perfect will of God, it should leave itself in his care, and the thought for everything. Let him do his will in us without our help.

XIV. To those who are resigned to the Divine will it is not necessary to ask for anything, because the request is imperfection, and a desire that the Divine will should be conformed to ours, and not ours to God.

XV. As we ought not to ask God for anying, so ought we not to thank him, because both are the acts of our own will.

XVI. It is not well to seek Indulgences to save us from the punishment due to our sins. It is not pleasing to God, nor meritorious, it is a voluntary flying from the Cross.

XVII. Whosoever gives up his will, his thought, his desires, his soul to God should not be troubled when temptations arise. If nature

reasserts itself, leave it alone, believing it is nature.

XVIII. To make use of pictures, images, or any vain conceit in prayer, is not adoring God in spirit, and in truth.

XIX, Whoever loves God only according to the understanding and intellect, does not truly love God.

XX. God does not speak, his speaking is working, and he works in the soul when that soul by thought, word, and work does not hinder him.

XXII. In prayer we must remain in the dark, and become detached from our own thoughts, from the attributes of God and the Trinity, and stand before him adoring, serving, loving him, without doing anything, for he wills it not.

XXIV. The many impure thoughts which enter while we pray, against God, against the saints, the faithful, and the Sacraments we must suffer with indifference, and resignation, not hindering the prayer of faith, but making it the more perfect because the soul is resigned to God.

XXV. Prayer and resignation, resignation and prayer are one, while resignation continues, prayer continues.

XXVIII. The tedium of spiritual things is good, it purges the soul from self love.

XXXII. Communion needs no other preparation for souls already prepared in this way, than to remain in passive resignation to the will of God.

XXXIV. Souls prepared in this internal way, do no actions of their own will, and activity, otherwise they are not dead. They ought not to perform acts of love towards the Madonna, the Saints, nor the humanity of Christ, these being sensible objects.

XXXVI. No creature neither Madonna, nor saint, should be in thy heart, God will reign there alone.

XXXVIII. The voluntary cross of mortification is heavy, and without fruit. It is better to leave it.

LV. By the internal way the soul arrives

through much suffering at purging itself, and killing all passions, so that it feels nothing, nothing, nothing, in fact becomes like a dead body.

LVI. The two laws, the two wills become one.

LIX. The internal way is apart from confession, confessors, theology, and philosophy.

LXIV. Theology cannot be contemplative. 1st, It has not the faith pure. 2nd It is not humble. 3rd, It does not enter sufficiently into the matter of a personal salvation. 4th, Because it is full of speculation, fancy, and opinion, true light cannot enter.

LXV. To superiors all outward obedience is due. As to the vows of obedience made by monks and nuns or any religious orders, they extend only to outward things; inwardly it is another thing, there, only God and the heavenly Guide enter.

LXVI. As to the new doctrines introduced into the church, it is ridiculous to say that a man's soul should be governed by a Bishop, and if not by him, by a Director. I say new, for neither in the Holy Scriptures, nor in councils, nor in canons, nor Bulls, nor by saints, has such a thing been

authorized. "Ecclesia non indicat de occultis," and the spirit must judge for itself.

LXVII. To say that the inner man must reveal itself to an outward tribunal of superiors is a sin, a manifest error, for "Ecclesia non judic de occultis," and such errors injure souls.

These are the principal doctrines in the sixty eight propositions brought against Molinos, said to be taken from his writings, and read against him. A close examination shows they have mostly been isolated from their context, and strained to say what they did not mean. For instance with regard to No XII, Molinos' own words are:

"So soon as thou shalt firmly resolve to mortify thy external senses, that thou mayest advance towards the high mountain of union with God, His Divine Majesty will set his hand to purge thy evil inclinations, inordinate desires, vain complacency, self love, and pride, and other hidden vices which thou knowest not, and which reign in the inner part of thy soul and hinder the divine union,

"Do nothing by thy own will, quietly leaving the Lord to mortify thee as he shall think fit."

"It concerns thee only to prepare thy heart like clean paper whereon the Divine wisdom may imprint characters to his liking.

"With new efforts will thou exercise thyself, but in another manner than heretofore, giving thy consent to receive the secret and divine operations, to be polished and purified by the Lord, which is the only means whereby thou wilt become clean, and purged from thy sin.

With regard, to Nos. XVII, and XXIV, these his are words in a chapter on the text: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."

"The Lord seeing our perverse inclination suffers us to be assaulted by divers thoughts against the faith, horrible temptations, painful suggestions of pride, and even blasphemy, and despair, to the end we may know ourselves, and be humble.

"How happy would souls be, if they would but be quiet, and believe that these temptations

are caused by the Devil, and allowed by God for their ultimate gain and spiritual profit.

"The more they beset thee, the more thou oughtest to rejoice and be in peace, instead of being sad, and to *thank God* for the favour he is showing thee.

"The saints in arriving at holiness passed through the valley of temptations, and the greater saints they were, the greater temptations they grappled with.

"Thou oughtest to be glad when temptation assaults thee, and with resignation, peace, and firmness resist it."

In another chapter on the words: "There is none on earth I desire but thee," he says:

"Annihilation of self to make it perfect, must be in a man's own judgment and will, works, inclinations, desires, and thoughts: so that he may be dead to his own will, without inclining to anything, embracing contempt and honours, benefits and corrections, as sent equally of God.

"O what a happy soul is that which thus is dead, and thus annihilated. It lives no longer in itself because God lives in it. And now it may be truly said to be renewed as a Phœnix, because it is changed, spiritualised, transformed."

A few more extracts on the text "Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for him," will further show the real nature of the teaching of Molinos.

"The inward soul being once convinced that God dwells in it, and resolved that it will not desire, nor act in any way but through God, ought to rest satisfied in that faith, in all its works and will.

"Perhaps thou wilt say that many a time during the day thou forgettest the subjection of thy will, I reply that though thou appearest to be turned from it by attending to the daily occupations of thy vocation, such as studying, reading, preaching, eating, doing business, and the like, thou art mistaken, for the one destroys not the other, by so working thou dost not neglect the will of God.

"These occupations are not contrary to his

will, nor contrary to the resignation of thy will to Him; it being certain that God would have thee to eat, study, take pains, do thy business, and so on. By performing such duties thou departest not out of his presence, nor from the resignation of thy will.

"Strive then that God may do with thee, and thine according to his good pleasure, relying upon Him as a kind and loving Father."

"Never vary in that thought though thou art occupied about the affairs of that condition in which it hath pleased God to place thee, thou wilt still be in prayer, and in perpetual acts of resignation in the presence of God.

"Thus the soul accustomed to go daily at certain hours to prayer, by faith and resignation, walks continually in the presence of God."

In propositions LXV, LXVI, LXVII, Molinos came near, for himself, dangerously near entire independance of judgment in things spiritual; and yet like Savonarola before him, he never seems to have even hinted at separating himself

from the church of Rome, as did the German reformers; he preferred working quietly within it, and his work was quickly stamped out in Rome by the power of the Jesuit body.

Those who watched him saw no falling of the eye, no fear depicted in his face, even when the crowd in the church shouted, "Burn him! Burn him!" He was outwardly calm, save that the sweat collected on his brow, and fell in great drops to the ground. The sbirri once or twice wiped it off, his own hands being manacled.

The reading of the "process" finished, Molinos was led to the feet of the General of the Inquisition before whom—it was said—he abjured.

Sentence of strict and perpetual imprisonment in the Inquisition was then passed upon him; he was dressed in the robe of a penitent, the yellow scapulary was put on, with the red cross on breast and back. So he was removed in the carriage that brought him, accompanied by a priest, and two sbirri, through the narrow crowded

streets, over the old bridge of Hadrian which spans the Tiber, to the massive buildings of the Inquisition, where the iron bound doors rolled back to let the carriage pass in, and then closed on Molinos for ever here.

In the cloistered courtyard, and with the pitying face of a Madonna looking down from a frescoed wall, he alighted, to be led to his cell. Here the priest prepared to leave him, much moved. "Adieu Father," Molinos said turning calmly to him, "we shall meet again at the great Judgment day, and then it will be known on whose side was truth, yours or mine."

We hear no more of Michael de Molinos, save that he died on the 28th of December, 1696, at the age of seventy; but in his own words we follow his thoughts in that prison:

"O, what infinite room is there in a soul arrived at divine solitude. There the Lord converses, and communicates himself inwardly; there he fills it with Himself because it is empty, clothes it with light and love because it is naked,

lifts it up because it is low, unites it with Himself, and tranforms it because it is alone.

"Go on without stop, to the blessedness of internal solitude. God will renew thee, change thee, show thee a new kingdom full of joy, content, and serenity."

He that has reached these heights of spirituality need feel no loneliness!

The books of Molinos forbidden by Papal Bull to be published, appeared the same year, 1687, translated into Latin at Leipsic, and into French at Amsterdam.

The Quietest views made their way, especially in France, Fenelon, the Archibishop of Cambrai was accused of being one of their exponents, and suffered for his opinions.

Madame de la Mothe Guyon was perhaps the most eminent of all the followers of Molinos. She like him endured imprisonment, and much persecution in France for her religious views. It was when imprisoned in the Bastile that she wrote the lines which in her own beautiful lan-

guage convey the teaching of Molinos, and so may fitly conclude this short account of her teacher:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in may cage I sit and sing,
To Him who placed me there.
Well pleased a prisoner to be
Because my God it pleaseth thee.

Naught have I else to do.
I sing the whole day long,
And He whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wand' ring wing,
But still He stoops to hear me sing.

Oh! it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love.
And in Thy mighty will to find,
The joy the freedom of the mind."

CORTONA

AND

LUCA SIGNORELLI.

CORTONA

AND

LUCA SIGNORELLI.

> "So many magnificent cities works of elaborate art, so many towns upreared with the hand on craggy rocks, and rivers gliding beneath ancient walls."
> VIRGIL. *Georgics II.*

THE TRAIN which takes the traveller from the South of Italy to Cortona, passes as it nears the city, through the rich plains of Umbria, and skirts the lake of Thrasymene. Its waters usually so opalescent and glittering, cannot be seen to-day, a thick white mist completely obscures them; above this mist the sun is shining brightly, and as he rises higher in the heavens, he will disperse it altogether, and unveil the beauty this impenetrable barrier is now witholding from view.

Thus it was on the morning of the battle of Thrasymene, two thousand years ago, when the Roman Consul Flaminius having marched from Arezzo, went through the narrow pass of the Montes Cortonensis before daybreak, without seeing the Carthagenian foe above him, and halted his soldiers on the plain close to the lake. A thick mist rising from the lake rolled over his army, while Hannibal and his troops on the hills above were in sunlight. They were waiting for their General's signals to move down to the attack, and then the battle began.

The Consul Flaminius completely surprised, saw himself surrounded, his foes on one side, and the lake on the other. The Romans fought with the courage of despair, trying to cut their way through the enemy; the fight was so terrible that an earthquake which destroyed many towns and villages, was quite unheeded by the combatants. The death of the Roman General was the signal for the flight of his army; and the mountain passes, the hills, and the lake were covered with the dead bodies of the fugitives.

Olives, vines, and corn fields, smile now on the plain, then strewn with the slain, on that fatal day of Rome's humiliation before the Carthagenian foe.

The Montes Cortonensis, now called the Gualandro, are passed on the right before reaching the town of Cortona, which stands perched on a hill some distance from the railway.

Two or three ramshackle comveyances are waiting at the station to take travellers up the long ascent to the town. There is a rush for seats, and a great squeeze in the wagonettes, still they will not hold every one, and those who are last must wait till something is sent down to bring them up.

From the general conversation we gather this is not the usual state of things, that it is the first day of the great annual fair at Cortona. We tremble for rooms, and wonder what will be our fate at the Inn.

The road winds and turns, revealing fresh stretches of beautifully cultivated country, and

new hill-tops as we ascend. Now we reach the gate of the city and are deposited to find our way to the *Albergo*, while the poor horses are turned round, and taken at a brisk trot down the hill, to bring up a second relay of travellers.

The massive walls before us speak eloquently of stupendous energy, and strength in the past. Some of the stones seem five or six feet long, and on these ancient bulwarks, the walls of the middle ages rise. Hannibal rode up here the day before the battle of Thrasymene, but he did not think it worth his while to begin a siege of the town, when the plain of the Chiana below, was open for the passage of his army towards the south, and Rome.

Cortona boasts a higher antiquity than any town in this part of Italy. From here, tradition says, Dardanus went out to found Troy. It was a city first of the Umbri, then of the Pelasgi, then of the Etruscans, then of the Romans; and the town still lies within the same old walls, and has the same gates as in ancient times.

With a feeling of veneration for its years, we enter Cortona, and climb its principal street, for there is nothing level here. What a din and babel meet our ears! Vendors crying their wares which they are hawking on wooden trays, fastened by straps thrown over their shoulders. In a doorway stands a man with a trombone, and a woman turning a barrel organ, while between the airs — the music seems to delight the boys and girls, and attracts them like clusters of bees, — the woman shouts in stentorian tones, the man being exhausted with his wind instrument, to walk in and see the two-headed calf. The noise is greatly increased by the narrowness of the street, and the height of the houses on each side.

The Inn is said to be in this street, but how to find it today, is quite another question. Presently over a gateway, under which there is an enormous show of umbrellas for sale, of every shade of colour under the sun, we see a sign swinging, "Albergo Nazionale," and after climbing

a very steep stair, meet a most civil landlady and are fortunate enough to secure very fair accommodation; and proceed to assuage both hunger and thirst, with a beautiful dish of figs and grapes.

And now having got rid of all encumbrances in the shape of travelling bags, we start off again to see the show. The street, as it opens into the Piazza or Square, is draped across with stuffs for sale, of lovely shades of olive green, pale yellow, and brilliant red.

Once in the Piazza we are lawful prey; we are offered daintily stitched, and many coloured wadded bed quilts, water jugs of coarse, but elegantly shaped pottery; copper vessels of classic form, and everything we do not want, and cannot possibly carry away.

From this Piazza diverge upwards and downwards the streets of the town; those towards the Citadel like so many terraces with steps leading up to each. On one side of the Square stands the Palazzo Pretorio, with

its Ghibelline battlements, and its walls covered with the shields of the civic dignataries who have held sway in Cortona. On entering the court yard of this palace, a somewhat steep outer stair goes to the Public offices on the first floor, to the great hall of Council which still contains a good painting of a Madonna and child, by Francesco Signorelli, the great Luca' s nephew and assistant, and to some large empty halls with good carved, and painted wood ceilings.

Another smaller inner stair leads up to the door of the Museum. We ring a bell, but no answer. We ring more violently, presently a woman's voice from the courtyard calls up to say she will send some one. A man shortly appears, our hopes rise, alas! without cause; he says it is impossible to see the Museum, every one is at the fair; come tomorrow." No we must see it today, — now! "That is impossible" he replies, "but come again at 2. O'Clock."

After extracting a promise that the keys should certainly be forth coming at 2.O'Clock, we

descend the stairs, and once more issue into the Piazza. Following the crowd which is streaming down a steep narrow street to a gateway, exactly opposite to the one by which we entered Cortona, we see a sight we would by no means have lost.

It is the Cattle market, being held under the mighty walls of Cortona. Here are hundreds of most beautiful oxen of the purest white, some of them fastened to rings let into the great stones of which the wall is built. Enormous creatures with soft brown eyes, decorated with scarlet fillets, and with wreaths of flowers round their horns.

These then are some of the descendants of the famous white flocks of Clitumnus, whose bulls long ago were offered up to Jove before his temple on the Capitoline Hill, by Rome in her proud triumphs. We see the victorious Roman Dictator, Consul, or Emperor, waiting to slay the victim, decorated as were some of these, till the messenger brings the tidings from the Mamertine

prison below, that the captive king, or general who had already followed in the triumph, had been sacrificed to the pride, and love of conquest of old Rome.

There was a brisk competition going on among the men for these animals; many were changing owners, and when bought, were invariably led away by the women. The beautiful animals looked much too handsome for work, a kind of aristocracy among cattle, and to be kept for show.

It is now 2 O'Clock, and we return to the Palazzo Pretorio, and find the Custodian true and punctual to his word, with his keys in his hand. We are admitted into the Museum and have the pleasure of meeting in the library the librarian, who had just arrived from the country. In one of the rooms of the Palazzo Pretorio are held the Meetings of the *Accademia Etrusca* or Archæological Society of Cortona, founded in 1725, and which has already published several volumes of its doings. The president bears the

title of Lucumo, an Etruscan word meaning prince or chief.

There is not much pottery here. A few small bronzes, and some good Etruscan coins attract attention in the large room; but the last room, a very small one, contains the Museum's great treasures. The enormous bronze hanging lamp, the most beautifully wrought specimen which has yet been found of Etruscan bronze art, surrounded by Gorgon's heads, and harpies, and sixteen burners of classic form, adorned with foliage in relief. It is supposed to have been suspended either in a temple, or in a tomb, from the fragment of a dedicatory inscription found upon it.

Here too is the Muse, an encaustic painting on slate, the real object of our visit to Cortona. Such a lovely dreamy face is before us, perhaps not so attractive at the first glance, but drawing one to gaze, and gaze, till her beauty enters the soul, and you can never again forget her. She is thinking, dreaming, waiting for inspiration before

THE MUSE OF CORTONA.

touching her lyre which is beside her. The wavy chestnut hair softly resting on the low brow, is crowned with laurel leaves, and a lock which has escaped falls on the neck, and seems to move. The calm meditative expression in the large eyes, turned slightly downwards, and the far away look in them, apparently unconscious of self, and the lyre beside her, have led to this picture being called the Muse Polyhymnia. In the rounding of the cheek, in the child-like grace which we admire, removing any worldly or sensual idea, half nude though she appear, we see the perfection of expression.

A well known Italian artist and critic writes of this beautiful picture: (1) "Any one accustomed to art, knowing how difficult it is to compose a picture of a half length figure, almost full face, without the hands, and obliged to place some characteristic sign beside it, can

(1) Professor F. Cavalleri. In a paper read before the "Accademia Etrusca" in Cortona.

hardly imagine anything more truly dignified and majestic than our Muse Polyhymnia.

"The lyre does not seem placed for show, in some inexplicable manner we feel it is supported by the left arm, and that the right is slightly raised so that the hand may touch the chords.

"The drapery which passes over the left shoulder, and falls away from the right, is a masterpiece of transparency. The only Artist of the Renaissance who comes near it, is Correggio, but he, as we alas know, had not mastered the art of making an indestructable material to work on, so many of his frescoes are badly cracked, and crumbling away. In purity of flesh tints Raphael alone compares to this, in the little boy holding the tablet, in his picture of the Madonna da Foligno."

The history of the discovery of the painting is given in the life of Cav. Marcello Venuti, (1) and is curious and interesting: "In that part of the

(1) Published 1748.

territory of Cortona called Chiucio, belonging to the noble family Tommasi, in the year 1732, in a field called La Stella, near the Priory of Valiano, this picture was dug up, together with several antique statuettes. It is on slate, and was venerated for a long time by the peasant family who found it, as a picture of the Madonna, but discovering their mistake, they took it into use as a door for an oven, and it continued to serve this purpose till 1735, when Cav. Giorgio Tommaso Tommasi, lord of the land, recognising its great worth, bought it, and saved it from the insults of ignorance."

"After this, the picture was exposed to further changes of fortune. A question arose among the learned men, as to whether it was ancient or modern. To solve the question, a small portion of the sides was chipped off, when it was found that the *impasto* or paste on which was the painting, resisted the iron, and only broke away in dust."

"This would seem to agree with the nature

of wax united with an alkali, or with nitric acid, which hardens the wax, and gives it an extraordinary solidity, and resistance to damp and heat, by which such materials last for ever."

Pliny writes of painting as practised by the Greeks: "In ancient times there were two kinds, one in water colours or fresco; the other in wax passed through the fire." This latter was a mixture of wax and ivory, worked with a style, pointed at one end, and flat at the other. Wax painting was also used for ships. Then another method was invented, that of melting the wax in the fire, and using a brush; "such painting on ships never spoiling, neither by sun, salt, nor winds."

Besides Pliny, many Roman historians, critics, and poets, describing painting, refer to these methods; the coloured waxes were either laid in layers on a board, or on stone, or as in this instance, on slate, and then passed over a fire to blend them; or liquid wax was used with a brush.

Julius Cæsar, a great lover of art, possessed

two encaustic pictures by a Greek artist of his day, for which he paid large sums - eighty talents - and which are said to have been very beautiful. The subject of the one was an Ajax, of the other, a Medea.

In the reign of the Emperor Augustus, a painter named Ludius, invented a new method of working, easier in execution, and less costly, but after a time his paintings fell to ruin, and crumbled away, as both Pliny and Vitruvius relate.

"How our Muse was painted with such breadth, and yet with such fineness on a greasy surface, it is impossible to tell. A brush of hog's bristles could hardly have produced these fine lines, nor could a soft brush have worked on such a material, to produce these tender, blending shades of colour.

"Repeated experiments, made for more than a century past, prove that modern artists have not discovered the secret of preparing an imperishable material to paint on, either in fresco,

or in oil. What material have we, which like our Muse, will resist the damp under ground, the burning heat of an oven, and all the vicissitudes of temperature?" (1)

The lyre represented beside the Muse is large, and has not the elegance of form of some of the antique specimens; but it has its counterpart on a coin of the Pomponia family, representing the Muse Terpsichore, who has a similar lyre in her left hand. There is also another, of exactly the same shape, on an ancient Etruscan coin found at Todi.

Once more we must quote Cav. Cavalleri's words in his criticism of the picture: "I cannot carry this work back to Etruscan times, not recognizing in it the characteristic type of the nation. I attribute its date to that best period of Greek Artists, whose superiority weighs still so heavily on us their descendants."

What is the story of this lovely dreamy face we shall never know. Was it a portrait plac-

(1) Professor F. Cavalleri.

ed in a tomb by loving hands, in memory of some beautiful and gifted maiden who had been snatched away by death, and was some first-rate Greek artist, travelling in those days, perhaps to see the wonders of Etruscan art, the only hand considered worthy to be employed to recall such beauty. Or did a Greek Artist bring the painting with him, and leave it behind as a gift to some one who had shown him kindness in Cortona.(1)

More likely the picture has been in a tomb, it has evidently been cut to fit some place in a wall. But now we must leave her to dream on as she has been doing for two thousand years and more, in stillness and silence. She may tell her story to each one who visits her in her own way, and she may still give some of her inspiration to both poet and painter. She is truly worthy of

(1) It has been suggested by connaisseurs who have seen this picture, that from its undefinable grace and beauty, it may be by the hand of Apelles himself. His pictures are known to have been single figures, and generally portraits.

a visit from all who love and appreciate the beautiful in Art.

From Art to Nature, from Nature to Art is the sequence in all old Italian towns. It is Nature's turn now when we ascend by the steep street to the site of the old citadel, and sit under the dark cypress trees to admire the view, which scarce can be surpassed in Italy. Over the rich plain of the Chiana extending for many miles at our feet, to range upon range of the Apennines, and away to the beautiful lake of Thrasymene now in all its beauty of fair colours. Gradually the sun is sinking, leaving shades of purple and gold behind him, purple on the mountains, gold in the valley, and scarce have these colours died away, than a full moon rises, and Thrasymene's opal waters are flooded with silver light.

A church dedicated to St. Margherita, a local saint, has been reared where once stood the fortress. But a fragment of the ancient wall remains, perhaps one of the finest pieces in all Italy, it is nearly one hundred and twenty feet

long, and twenty five feet high; some of the stones are quite fourteen feet in length, and five in height.

A very steep flight of steps leads down from the convent attached to the church, to a road that skirts the walls, and which eventually brings one to the principal street of the town, where is our hotel.

Very little is known of the history of the ancient city of Cortona, which tradition asserts to be older than Troy itself. It is supposed after centuries of independence to have fallen under the power of Rome about the year 309, B. C. We read that the Dictator Sylla repeopled Cortona with a Roman colony, B. C. 85, which looks as if his proscriptions had extended here. From that date, to the 12th century of our era, there is a complete blank in its records; then it reappears as an independent city with its own consuls, nobility, and heads of department of Art, and trade.

In February 1257, Cortona was surprised by a night attack, made on it by the people of Arezzo, under the leadership of their Bishop

Ubertini, whose soldiers scaled the walls, and penetrated into the fort, killing the garrison, and afterwards razing it to the ground. The panic and slaughter in the city were great, many of the citizens fled to Perugia where they remained till 1261, when a treaty of peace was made with the Bishop.

In 1325, the family of Casali rose to power and influence in the town. They took the title of Vicars General, and Lords of Cortona, and held their court here for a hundred years. They became cruel and tyrannical, the citizens rose against them, calling in Ladislaus, king of Naples to their help. He put some of the family of Casali to death, and took possession of the city. Two years afterwards he sold it to the Florentines, for 60,000 gold florins.

Dennis in his Introduction to his "Cities of Etruria" writes: "It was on the Etruscan soil that the seeds of culture, dormant through the long winter of barbarism, broke forth anew when a genial spring smiled on the human intellect;

it was in Etruria that immortality was first bestowed on the lyre, the canvas, the marble, the literature, the science of modern Europe. It was Etruria which produced Giotto, Brunelleschi, Fra Angelico, Luca Signorelli, Fra Bartolomeo, Michel Angelo, Hildebrand, Macchiavelli, "the starry Galileo," and such a noble band of painters, sculptors, and architects, as no other country of modern Europe can boast."

Of these great names Cortona can claim one, Luca Signorelli. Another may be added who was two hundred years later, Pietro da Cortona, and who though in talent he cannot compare to his great follow citizen, yet in his day took no inconsiderable rank in Rome, as an Architect and painter. Beside these there are a number of smaller lights whose lives and doings are recorded in a local history of great men of Cortona.

Giovanni da Fiesole, called Fra Angelico, has left some exquisite traces of his genius in Cortona. He came here in 1407, after entering the Dominican order, to pass the year of his novitiate.

But it was more likely some where about 1414, when the monks were driven out of the Convent at Fiesole, owing to the wars going on between rival claimants to the Papal throne, that Fra Angelico painted those lovely works, which of themselves would give renown to Cortona. One picture is in the Dominican church just outside the gate, by which the traveller enters the city from the Railway. Another, is a most beautiful Annunciation, in excellent preservation, now in the sacristy of thé church of the Jesuits. Here are also two *gradini* which have been part of an altar, representing in small panels, scenes in the life of the Virgin Mary, and of our Saviour; as also events in the history of the Dominican order.

This good and holy painter won the respect and affection of all around him. His intense love, his genuine humilty, and his prayerful spirit so impress themselves on all he did, that we may read his character in his works.

Vasari's description of him is so naive that we

must transcribe it: "Would to God that all monks consecrated their lives as did this good man to the service of God, and of his neighbour. What can one, or ought one, to desire more than to win the kingdom of heaven by leading a holy life, and eternal renown on earth by producing such master pieces."

"He might have acquired wealth, but he was indifferent to it, saying, wealth consisted in being satisfied with little. He might have commanded, but he constantly refused, thinking it easier to obey. (1) He was never seen to get angry, this seems to me incredible. He only answered his friends gently, and with a smile. The saints he painted are distinguished by a Divine look, we find in those of no other Artist."

"It is said he never began a picture without prayer. He never represented the Saviour on the cross without his cheeks being bathed in tears, accordingly the faces, and attitudes of his person-

(1) Eugenius IV urged him to accept the Archbishopric of Florence.

ages bear the impress of the entire sincerity of his faith in the Christian religion."

In the year 1441, a little more than twenty five years after Fra Angelico had painted his exquisite pictures in Cortona, there was born in that city Luca Signorelli, a painter who was to follow, and to finish the work of the quiet, holy monk, and yet whose character and style were utterly and entirely different.

The times had changed. During the short interval of half a century, a host of men of mind and letters had arisen, and were rising. A love of ancient literature was springing up, encouraged by great and powerful patrons, especially in Florence.

The possession of manuscripts of the old Greek and Latin writers, had become the rage of the day, and learned men travelled far and wide in quest of them. The discovery of a codice was a public event. To have these copied was one of the noblest employments of the time, and a good copyist was sure of finding work, and a high salary.

This taste for Greek and Latin literature extended to the ladies. Isabella of Aragon duchess of Milan, Bianca d'Este, Domitilla Trivulzi, all ladies of high rank, were famed for their culture. Battista of Montefeltro, wife of the lord of Pesaro, recited Latin orations before Pope Martin V, read philosophy, and disputed with philosophers. Her niece Constance of Varano, pronounced a Latin discourse at the age of fourteen. Her daughter another Battista, improvised in Latin, to the wondering awe of princes and prelates.

Cosmo de Medici kept forty five copyists fully employed for himself. After him, Lorenzo the Magnificent writes: "When my mind is worn with work, and my ears are deafened with the clamour of the citizens, what should I do if I could not find refreshing in letters, and peace in philosophy."

In 1441, this same Lorenzo de Medici announced a public meeting, a kind of tournament of learned men, when each should read his own essay on "True Friendship," the best author to receive a silver crown of laurel leaves.

Santa Maria del Fiore, the Cathedral of Florence was magnificently draped for the occasion, and a great crowd attended to hear the seven *litterati* read their essays, which were applauded as they only could be under such circumstances. The secretaries of Pope Eugenius IV, who by courtesy were appointed umpires, decided all were alike so beautiful, that to avoid any invidious choice, the crown should be adjudged to the church.

Literature was then not an instrument but an end. Erudition was a merit of the first class. Each one sought out a Greek or Latin author and worshipped him. Happy was the man who found an error in a rival's copy! Then contests and wrangling followed; and some very ugly scenes and words are recorded as having past among pedants, not unfrequently leading to divisions in cities, and even provinces. (1)

Florence was by no means alone in this revival, though she aspired to be called the

(1) Cesare Cantu.

Athens of Italy. Rome, Milan, Urbino, Ferrara, and many other towns where Courts were held, became each a centre of literary life and activity.

One of the greatest and most apparent evils of this worship of the antique, was the pagan spirit it revived in Italy. It was partly against this evil that Savonarola in Florence lifted up his voice, and for a time was successful in drawing away the minds of some of the young men from their absorbing studies; but this revival was only for a time, he, in his turn, was borne down by the power of the Church of Rome, then ruled over by Alexander Borgia.

Another evil effect was the contempt it brought about for the Italian language, which now began to be called the Vulgar tongue. Benedetto Varchi writes: "I remember when I was a boy that the first and most severe order given by fathers to their sons, and masters to their pupils, was that neither for good, nor for evil should they read in the vulgar tongue; and Messer Mariscotti di Marradi who was my tutor, a man hard and

rough, but of holy and good habits, having learnt in some way that I and a friend were reading Petrarch secretly, gave us a severe scolding, and almost expelled us from his school."

And Art too, which may be regarded as so sensitive to external influences, began to show that it also shared in the general change. A revived paganism was leading it to a sensual love of the beautiful, to the realistic instead of the ideal. The giant minds who were then painting in Tuscany and Umbria, had now arrived at the perfection of Art, the correct drawing of the human form, then they speedily burst all the trammels which formerly bound it, and revelled in the wealth of their imagination, and in their power of describing it.

Lorenzo de Medici had thrown open his Medicean gardens in Florence for the use of sculptors and Artists; here he had collected all the Greek sculptures, and the bas-reliefs which had been found in his day, and here the young and ambitious students flocked daily, to study

and copy the antique models. The other school of Art in Florence was the church of the Carmine, whose walls had been so lately adorned by the frescoes of Masaccio, and Lippo Lippi.

At the period of this Renaissance in Italy, in the year 1441, Luca Signorelli was born. He was the son of Egidio di Luca di Ventura Signorelli, his mother being a sister of Lazzaro Vasari, thus he was connected with the family of the painter and historian of painters, Giorgio Vasari.

When a youth he was sent for his art apprenticeship to study under Pietro della Francesca, at Borgo San Sepolcro, a small town about twenty miles from Arezzo, and not far from the sources of the Tiber. Both master and pupil were most remarkable men; Pietro della Francesca who also signs himself Pietro del Borgo, was the first who brought perspective to a science. The rules laid down by him are so perfect that to this day they need little or no improvement. Under this clever master Luca

Signorelli acquired that correct drawing of the human form, and also of building and architecture, for which be became so celebrated.

After completing this course of study, Luca returned to Cortona, which was his fixed home throughout a long life; for though he travelled much, and was of great request in many of the cities of Italy, yet year by year he is to be found in his native town, elected annually to sit in the Council of eighteen, or in the General Council, or among the Magistrates, or with the Council of Priors, to look into, and regulate the affairs of the Charitable Institutions (Opere Pie) of Cortona; all which Councils seem to have been held for two months during the year. Seldom is it recorded that Luca could not attend on account of absence from the city.

He was in his twenty ninth year when he undertook his first work at Cortona, the painting of the doors of an organ in the Laudi chapel. These have been lost, only the description of them remains.

Two years later he was at Arezzo working in a chapel dedicated to Saint Barbara, in the church of San Lorenzo; these frescoes likewise have perished, in fact no painting remains at Arezzo which can with certainty be said to have come from his hand.

Luca Signorelli's character in manhood was singularly sweet and amiable: "his nature was so just and unpright, that heaven recognizing in him so good a man, opened her gates to shower upon him her blessings." (1)

In manner he was especially courteous, the same to all; and in conversation gentle and pleasing. By his workmen and apprentices he was greatly beloved, and throughout life he liked to help forward, and encourage any of them who were anxious to help themselves.

As time passed, and he became well known, and admired, and sought for by princes and great men, and wealth poured in upon him, he adopted a sumptuous style of living and apparel.

(1) Vasari.

He was always dressed in silk, in the bright and glowing colours which were the fashion of the day, and which he has handed down in many of his pictures of the young men, and gallants of the time.

He was twice married, and had a large family of sons and daughters. Two of his sons he outlived to his great grief, for he was a most affectionate father. His portrait, taken by himself, exists in the chapel he painted in the Cathedral of Orvieto. At the foot of the fresco which represents the Archangel hurling Antichrist into the pit, the second of the series, stand Luca Signorelli, and Fra Angelico.

In 1474, he went to Citta di Castello on the invitation of Vitellozzo Vitelli. The Vitelli family who held a small court here, were all great patrons of Art. A little later they invited the young Raphael to stay with them, and there he painted his "Marriage of the Virgin," now in the Brera, Milan. Luca Signorelli seems to have become greatly attached to Vitellozzi, and

his brother. The picture of the "Adoration of the Magi" now in the Louvre, he painted here, and the town still retains a few of his works, though most of them have been sold, or taken away. Among these is a very fine St Sebastian and Saints, in the church of San Domenico.

Luca paid several visits to this city, for which he had a great predilection, both court and people fully appreciated him; and after one of his visits, when he had painted them a banner for their town, he was presented with the freedom of the city, an honour he greatly desired, and with which he was much pleased.

He was next called to Perugia. The Bishop was a Cortonese, and wished his fellow townsman to paint a picture for the chapel of St Onofrio, in the Cathedral. This is still in good preservation; the figure of St Onofrio is most attenuated and unpleasing, but the Madonna and other saints are very fine, and in Luca's best style.

After working at Loreto, decorating the "holy house" with frescoes which are now almost

entirely ruined; also at Gubbio, and Spoleto, where nothing remains to speak of his genius, he paid a visit to Florence to see the works of the great living Masters. Such a galaxy of celebrated men were to be found there, many of whom were Luca's personal friends. Leonardo da Vinci, Ghirlandajo, the Pollajuoli, Cosimo Roselli, the young Michel Angelo, besides many others. Lorenzo the Magnificent was patronizing and encouraging all this genius to the utmost of his power, and on Signorelli's arrival he at once employed him to work for him. The subject of the first picture was the heathen gods, a study of the nude, which was greatly admired, and praised. This picture has entirely disappeared, unless it be the one found lately, and in the possession of the Marchese Corsi, signed by Luca, and representing the "School of Pan." Luca especially affected the drawing of the nude of which he was complete master, and his subjects were often chosen to suit the renewed pagan feeling of the day.

Besides this picture he painted two others for Lorenzo, both subjects being the Madonna and child, one, of these which is circular, is at present in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

Pope Sixtus IV, now summoned Luca to Rome, to aid in the work of decorating the famous Sistine Chapel, in which he wished to combine all that was beautiful in art. The most celebrated Artists which perhaps the world has produced, were employed to cover its walls with scenes from Scripture history. In order to show the connection between the Old and the New Testaments, the frescoes were to be so arranged, that one wall should trace the life of the great Jewish lawgiver, and the events in which he took so prominent a part; the opposite wall to portray the life of the Saviour of the world, thus bringing the type and antitype together, and so uniting two great periods of time. The upper end of the chapel was already covered with frescoes by Perugino, which were shortly to make way for the "Last Judgment" by Michel Angelo, but

this was not begun till that great Artist had seen Luca's work at Orvieto, and received an inspiration from it.

Signorelli began the first of the series of historic events, the "Journey of Moses and Zipporah into Egypt," and at the end of the same wall, "Moses giving his last commands to Joshua before his death." Both are beautiful, especially the first, and glowing with colour and expression.

After this Luca was at Siena, decorating one of the rooms of the Petrucci Palace. His frescoes here were all taken from historical, and mythological subjects. Three of these representing Coriolanus, "Penolope at her loom," and the "Triumph of Cupid" are now in England; two have been sawn from the wall, and are in the Academy of Siena; the others are hopelessly ruined. They were signed Lucas Cortonen, and Lucas Coritius. The drawings for these frescoes were in the Piccolomini Bellanti collection, but when this was broken up, they seem to have disappeared altogether.

Among the hills about twenty miles from Siena, there stands a great monastery known as Monte Oliveto. It was founded just a hundred years before this date by a Sienese noble, Giovanni Tolomei, in recognition of a miracle said to have been wrought upon him, restoring him to sight from sudden blindness. He withdrew from secular life, became a monk, taking the name of Bernard, and founding an order which though a branch of the Benedictine, was recognized by the Pope as the Olivetan, the monks adopting a white habit, instead of a black one. From a simple hut to which Tolomei, and two of his friends retired, a vast pile of monastic buildings began to rise, with a towered gateway for entrance, and lofty walls for protection and strength. Within these, was the church which was now just finished, and a handsome cloister surrounding a garden. It was this cloister which Signorelli, together with Sodoma, the famous Sienese painter, was called on to fill with his frescoes. The subjects were all taken from events in the life of

St Benedict. In their present condition of decay they cannot be properly appreciated. Doubtless as Signorelli worked the monks often watched him, and passed their comments, perhaps not always flattering, upon the work, in return for which remarks, the speaker was not unfrequently represented as the demon in the picture. Luca Signorelli has portrayed with a certain amount of humour, in one of his frescoes, a scene where two monks are discovered eating a good meal in a private house, against the rules of the order.

This great monastery which has now been suppressed, once received the emperor Charles V, his retinue, and 2000 soldiers; now only a few monks and an abbot remain to carry on the services of the church, and to receive any strangers who may chance to visit the old place for its historical and pictorial interest.

Luca paid several visits to Siena, he had a great friend there in Antonio Federighi, head of the works of the Cathedral, and at this time

Architect also of the Cathedral at Orvieto; and another in Pinturicchio, whose child he stood sponsor to at baptism. Federighi is said to have recommended Signorelli to the Building Council of Orvieto, to carry on, and complete the work begun by Fra Angelico in that Cathedral.

This great building had been commenced in the 13th century, and for nearly two hundred years the Orvietans had been seeking out, and employing the best sculptors and artists Italy could produce, to beautify and perfect it.

Fra Angelico the Dominican painter who had been working in Rome for the Pope, came to Orvieto for change during the summer heat. The council for the building, hearing he was in their city, sent for him to ask him if he would undertake the decoration of the chapel of the Madonna di San Brizio in their cathedral. He consented to do this as summer work, the council agreeing to pay him two hundred gold florins a year, and one hundred to his assistant, besides their food, and the necessary colours, and scaffolding; mak-

ing a note at the end of the contract that the monk was to work well, and diligently. Benozzo Gozzoli was his pupil and assistant, and the work of painting the roof and vaults was immediately begun. Fra Angelico produced one of his grandest idealisms of the Christ sitting in Judgment surrounded by a glory of Angels, and prophets, and saints; Benozzo Gozzoli painted the heavenly choirs in hierarchic order.

The end of September came, and the monk had to to return to Rome; he promised to come back the following summer, and every summer till the work was done, but he was never able to do this. The council of Orvieto waited for him till the year 1445, when they heard of his death in Rome, "his happy spirit going to dwell among the angels he had loved to picture, so making heaven glad."

For many a long year the chapel remained in a state of disorder, full of scaffolding, lime, and rubbish. In 1489, the council selected Perugino as the most fitting artist to continue Fra Ange-

lico's work. They wished to ask the Pope to lend them Raphael, but they heard this was impossible, he could not be spared from the works at the Vatican. Perugino's terms surprised the Orvietans, he asked 1500 gold ducats to paint the chapel, not including the gold, and ultramarine, and the necessary scaffolding. A somewhat lower sum was offered, but Perugino who was fully occupied did not care to accept it. He sent Pinturicchio who had just finished the Piccolomini Library at Siena. This artist, did not please them. He was very extravagant, and when shown the gold and blue prepared for Perugino, he only laughed at it, saying the quantity was nothing like enough, and went his way.

Nine years altogether the Council waited for Perugino, till at last they determined in 1499, to act on the advice Antonio Federighi had given them, and call in Luca Signorelli. His work was now well known, and his drawing considered the most perfect in Italy. He came at once and consented to undertake the work,

the price to be 200 ducats for each fresco as it was finished. His nephew Francesco, and a pupil called Genga, a Cortonese, assisted him.

The subjects he selected were the events which the prophetic scriptures connect with the end of the world. The coming of Antichrist, his insiduous working among the people, gaining followers by gifts and flatteries: the beheading of the two faithful witnesses who preach against him: his destruction by the Archangel, and hurling into the pit: and finally the coming of the Great Judge to try all nations, and peoples; and the resurrection of the dead.

It may be that the time in which Luca undertook the work at Orvieto, had something to do with his choice of subject. The end of an old, and the beginning of a new century was always looked upon as a time of change, and great events, and in previous centuries even of the end of all things. Savonarolo's preaching on prophetic judgments as near at hand, and some of them as actually fulfilling, had wrought on the

minds of many, and prepared them to look for still greater things.

The prophecies contained in the Scriptures, of the coming of Antichrist at the time of the end, had been written of, and commented on, by the great fathers of the church, such as St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, Hilary of Poictiers, and Gregory of Tours; and preached on to the people, by the great preachers who arose in every century. The two witnesses are by them called Enoch and Elias, who are to suffer to the death for their testimony against an impious king who should arise, and who would be destroyed by the coming of the true Christ.

Such then were the subjects Luca selected, and he could not have found any better suited to his great powers of description of the mental effects of fear and terror, hope and joy, not only in the physiognomy, but also in the attitudes and movements of the vast number of persons he introduces.

Angels and demons, ruins, earthquakes, and

fires, are all represented. In the frescoes of the Resurrection, of Heaven, and Hell, a number of positions are introduced hitherto unknown in art. It would almost seem as if his imagination must have exhansted itself in portraying every kind of foul demon; and in expressing the beauty of form and feature of the blessed, and the joy of angelic hosts and beatified saints, all in the most perfect drawing, and foreshortening.

On the completion of the first fresco the council were so pleased, that they presented Luca Signorelli with six quarters of grain, and two barrels of wine to keep up his spirits, and to encourage him to go on from good to better, and from better to best.

Many portraits were introduced into these frescoes, among others, those of his patrons the Vitelli, of Citta di Castello, and Giovan-Paolo, and Orazio Baglioni, of Perugia.

So diligently did Luca work, that on the feast of the Assumption, 1503. (August 15th,) the whole chapel was finished to the delight of the people

of Orvieto, for Luca had even gone beyond his contract, and covered the walls from the roof to the floor. The lower part was filled with decorations of an allegorical and mythical nature, allowed in those days to be mixed up with sacred subjects; and with circular pictures of the poets who had written on the unseen world, Hesiod, Virgil, Claudius, and Dante, these latter being in chiaroscuro.

Such was Luca Signorelli's work at Orvieto, and these frescoes remain as the grandest conceptions of his genius, and the most powerful pictures from his hand. He was in his sixtieth year when he began them, but they speak of a man in the fulness of vigour, both mental and bodily.

It was in 1502, whilst he was engaged on this undertaking, that he lost his eldest son Antonio, whom he greatly loved, and who was killed at Cortona. The young man is said to have been singularly beautiful in face and person, and his father would not suffer him to be buried, till he

had drawn him, that he might always have the portrait by him of one whom "kind nature had given him, and an evil fortune had cruelly taken from him." The widow of the young Antonio immediately entered a convent, and took the veil.

Signorelli's family about this time were all ill with the plague; a curious document exists, which says that "for services received, and for those which he, Luca, hopes to receive from Dr Luigi de Rutanis, a Frenchman, settled in the town of Montone, he had painted gratuitously a picture for a chapel built by the doctor, and dedicated to Santa Christina in the church of S. Francesco, at Montone. The said Luigi de Rutanis promising to attend without fees on Luca Signorelli, or any of his family when ill, in the future."

For Cortona he executed many works. The church of Santa Margherita possessed a dead Christ, a most beautiful picture dated 1502, which is now in the Cathedral. Another is also there, representing Christ giving the last communion to his disciples, in which Judas is represented as

secretly slipping the wafer into his pocket. This is signed Lucas Signorellius. Corthonensis. pingebat 1512.

In the collection of Cav. Luca Tommasi of Cortona, is a picture of the Madonna placing her feet on the heads of Seraphim, while two angels crown her. Below stand four saints, St Peter and St Paul being life size.

A fresco by this master has lately been discovered in the small church of St Niccolò, under the whitewash, the subject being a Madonna and child in a tabernacle, beneath is an altar with a chalice. On the right, stand St Catherine of Alexandria, St Barbara, St Nicholas, and St Onofrio, the latter like the figure of this saint at Perugia, and St Cristopher bearing the infant Christ on his shoulder. The head of St Paul is full of fire and resolution. This picture is much injured in the lower part.

The Castellani family in Cortona possess a Martyrdom of St Stephen, which is very fine, and in good preservation.

The company of St Jerome at Arezzo, ordered an altar piece from Luca for their chapel. When this was finished some of the brethren of the order arrived to take it back; they carried it on their shoulders all the way to Arezzo, and Luca old as he was, determined to go too, and see it put up, and also to visit his relations the Vasari. Here he stayed with Giorgio's father, Antonio Vasari. The boy was then only eight years old, but the kind handsome old man seems to have made a great impression on him. Signorelli asked him what he was learning, and when Giorgio replied he was studying modelling, he turned to his father and said, "Let the child learn all kinds of drawing, the knowledge of it is always an honour, and a source of enjoyment to a gentleman, even if he should not need to follow it as a profession." Then to Giorgio he added: "Study well, my little cousin, study well." "Many other things he said to me, writes Vasari afterwards; "but I held my peace, knowing I could not confirm the good opinion he had of me."

The picture put up, Luca returned to Cortona, accompanied on his way by many friends, and relations, and citizens of Arezzo.

Though now becoming a venerable old man he never spared himself, but worked to the end of his life at his favourite art, and also in a special manner, in the public business of Cortona. In 1517, he was asked to go with Silvio Passerini, Cardinal of Cortona, on an embassy of congratulation to Pope Leo X, but he begged to be excused on account of his years. Somewhat later he was elected with four other citizens to examine into the state of the river Chiana, and see whether it were possible to force its waters into a new bed between Asinaluuga and Cortona.

In the archives of Fojano, a small country town not far from Cortona, Luca's signature is still to be seen: he painted a picture for the high altar of the parish church, the subject being a Madonna surrounded by cherubs and angels, with saints kneeling below. In the *predella* are little scenes in the life of St. Martin, The register

is dated June 14th, 1523, and in it Signorelli says he has received "per mercede a sum of 90 gold ducats, — e cosi son contento e pagato. — Thus am I satisfied, and paid."

Cardinal Passerini had built for himself a very handsome palace which stands just a mile from the city, and was having it decorated by Cortonese artists with scenes from Roman history, which frescoes are still in fairly good preservation. He was most anxious to have something from the hand of Luca Signorelli, and the painter old as he was, and partly paralyzed, wishing to please his friend, began a picture of the Baptism of Christ, for the altar in the private chapel of the Villa, but before he could finish it, he died, at the ripe age of eighty two years.

There was great mourning in Cortona for him; and to this day the people speak with pride and enthusiasm of their Luca Signorelli.

The following lines appeared at his death, and though they possess little merit as poetry, yet they are interesting as expressing the feeling of

Cortona in the year 1523, on the loss of her great painter, and her illustrious citizen.

"Piauga Cortona, omai vestasi oscura,
Che estinti son del Signorelli i lumi;
E tu pittura, fa degli occhi fiumi
Che resti senza lui debole e scura."

which may perhaps be freely translated:

Weep! weep Cortona! draped in deepest woe,
Thy light extinguished in thy gifted son,
Tears, painting! from thine eyes as rivers flow,
Thine own — in Signorelli's course is run.

By the same Author.

"The Seven ages of Man."

A series of lithographs of drawings made from the pavement of Siena Cathedral, with a descriptive page of letter press, and dedicated by permission to Sir John Savile Lumley, Her Majesty's Ambassador at Rome.

CONTENTS.

INFANTIA	JUVENTUS
PUERITIA	VIRILITAS
ADOLESCENTIA	SENECTUS

DECREPITAS

"These are most interesting specimens of the clear unwavering draughtsmanship of the fifteenth century, whose artists knew so well how much may be expressed in simple outlines, without the adventitious effects of light and shade."

They ought as a very competent critic has observed to find their way in every Art School in the kingdom." - The Queen.

London. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

Rome. Spithœver. Piazza di Spagna.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018